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ALL YOUR NEED

10,000 MILES OF MIRACLE THROUGH
AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

BY

J. EDWIN ORR

"My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus"—Phil. 4: 19

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ALL YOUR NEED

CHAPTER ONE

TROPICAL JAMAICA

THE giant seaplane took off from the Miami Airport, rose from the blue waters, and soared upwards. There is a certain thrill in flying, and one enjoys taking off and landing again best of all.

I was in a great hurry south, hence my flight by air. The circumstances of the provision for that flight were rather wonderful. My last campaign in the United States was held in Boston, and the last meeting was to be on Wednesday evening. The train south to Florida left at four o'clock on that afternoon: how could I catch the train and speak at a meeting? This was somewhat of a problem to me, but I left it to the Lord. A friend of mine in New York suddenly asked me:

"Say, how long will you be in Florida?"

"About a couple of hours at the most. Why?"

"Oh, dear. I was hoping to get you to speak at a church in Jacksonville."

"Sorry, it seems impossible. If it were possible, I would gladly oblige."

"Do you mean that? If it can be arranged, you will agree to speak?"

"Most decidedly," I replied. "But don't encourage yourself—it isn't likely."

A few days later, I met my friend again.

"I am going to keep you to your word," he said, laughingly.

"I have made enquiries, and I find that a fast plane will get you to Florida on Thursday evening, and you do not have to leave until next morning for Jamaica. So you will be able to preach in Florida on Thursday night."

I grumbled.

"But flying is sixty per cent dearer than railroad travel."

"My dear fellow," replied my New York friend, "you surely do not think that I expect you to pay for my idea. I'll have the airplane ticket for you."

I thanked him quietly, but in fact I nearly cheered. Two problems had been solved at once—time and money. I preached in Jacksonville, and left Miami next day. Another financial problem was solved at the same time—I prayed for £50 for the voyage to New Zealand, and £50 for another pressing need. The same day, I was handed a cheque for that amount, and within three days the second £50 arrived. Some critics have suggested that it was foolish to tell how God sent trivial sums in answer to prayer . . . such incidents being recorded in earlier volumes of mine. But I feel that the promise "all your need" applies to important needs and trivial needs with equal potency. I felt as grateful to the Lord when He sent me five shillings to begin the trip to Palestine as when He sent one hundred pounds to enable me to get to Panama. What is the difference? Both were needs.

After visiting Canada and the United States, I also visited the two Latin-American republics of Mexico and Cuba. On Friday evening, the 13th of March (an unlucky day according to superstition), I reached Kingston, Jamaica. I did not know a soul on the island.

In the meantime, A. J. Sherriff, already mentioned as my companion in earlier travels, left Southampton on the *Tainui* and reached Jamaica on the 6th of March. His voyage could scarcely be described as "uneventful"—as a matter of fact, he was robbed by another passenger (presumably a crook) a few moments before landing. This turn of events necessitated his spending most of the night hovering around the docks—which experience he described to me with great gusto *afterwards*. I was well pleased in one way to hear this bit of news. It is far better to trust the Lord "on an empty stomach" than to have a full one and not know whether one trusts Him or not. Finally, Jack found accommodation at the Y.M.C.A., where the genial secretary, Mr. Hallett, proved a very kind host.

Jack's troubles were not yet over. I had arranged to meet him in Jamaica; and a few days previously, I had written him to say that I would reach Jamaica by Pan-American Airways on the 13th, and leave Panama on the 19th. My American stenographer got things a bit mixed up, however. The letter was despatched unsigned—and when Jack got it, it said that I would "leave America on the 13th, and reach Panama on the 19th." He thought, of course, that I wanted him to get to Panama by himself; much confusion ensued. Nobody met me at the Land-

ing Stage; and I had not the foggiest idea where Jack was to be located.

I put up at a local hotel in the meantime. Mr. Sherriff's name was not among the residents' lists at this hotel.

"How many hotels are there in Kingston?" I asked the telephonist.

"Quite a number," he replied. "There must be dozens."

"I am trying to locate a Mr. Sherriff," I explained.

"I see. Then I'll phone them in turn, but it will be a difficult job."

"Phone the Y.M.C.A. first," I suggested; and he did so. He returned smiling.

"Lucky first go, sir. Mr. Sherriff is staying at the Y.M.C.A. but to-night he has gone with friends to Montego Bay."

Next day I transferred my baggage to the Y.M.C.A. Hostel. When Jack came back, he was surprised beyond measure to find me there. We exchanged news, and views, and had a thorough-going conference.

Mr. Hallett proved to be a very sympathetic Christian, and seemed eager to make suggestions about meetings. On Sunday morning, his son Leo, with their close friend, a lady from England, drove Jack and me up to the Hope Farm College—a Government Agricultural College. In Jamaica, the Y.M.C.A. runs the work of the Student Christian Movement, and I was asked to speak at the Sunday morning meeting of a group of students. I gave them the simple Gospel with a word of testimony, and both Jack and I felt that business had been done there as students were challenged about the necessity of conversion and the importance of a deeper spiritual experience.

On the way home, we motored through Lindo's Gap. The scenery was simply marvellous—rich, tropical vegetation clothing irregular hills with green of every hue: bright blue sky; white fleecy clouds. As Jack remarked: "And yet some people say there is no God." We enjoyed that trip through the hills, and we also enjoyed sucking a sugar cane which we got from a passing native.

Jamaica is a riot of colour, and this is true of the people as well as the land. To walk down King Street is a rare experience—a kaleidoscope in itself: white, swarthy white, yellow, light brown, darker brown, and jet-black faces. Jack and I had quite some fun trying to analyse the pedigrees and origins of the passers-by. Some were obviously three-quarter Spanish with

a negro quarter. Others were the offspring of Chinese and quadroon. Many, no doubt, had the blood of British buccaneers mixed with that of former black slaves. Then there were the pure blooded Hindus and other Indians from another hemisphere: there were people who looked half-negro, half American Indian; there were slant-eyed Chinese; and everywhere were hordes of little piccaninnies, lovely little dark eyed children. Ninety-five per cent of Jamaica's population is "coloured."

Mr. Hallett took me down to a Brotherhood Meeting for men, arranged by the local Ministers' Fraternal. Mr. Hallett told me that a local minister would be speaking, but that I would probably be asked to say a word. However, when I got to the platform, the minister referred to very cordially suggested that he would keep his address for another time, and so I had the wholly unexpected opportunity of addressing a fine audience of men for three-quarters of an hour. I heard afterwards that many hearts had been touched.

The third meeting that Sunday was a little group of sailors and soldiers at the Soldiers' Home. I went there accompanied by my friends Lieutenant Spencer of Halifax, and Sailor Sadler of Vancouver. Both these friends were attached to His Majesty's Canadian Navy, four ships of which were lying in Kingston Harbour. How I met them is a story in itself.

I had been in the Post Office on Saturday morning (before I met Jack) when I noticed a sailor with H.M.C.S. *Saguenay* on his cap.

"I say, do you know Sadler of Vancouver?"

"Yes, I think he is on the destroyer *Vancouver*."

"Will you take a message to him then? Say that Edwin Orr wants to see him at the Y.M.C.A. Thank you."

When Sailor Sadler heard the message, he applied for special permission to come ashore, and arrived at the Y.M.C.A. in record time. To say that I was pleased to see him would be stating facts very mildly—I was overjoyed. Sadler and I had worked together in Canada and the United States, and it did me good just to see his radiant face. All my friends agree that he is the brightest and drollest Christian on the Pacific Coast. We almost danced around each other.

"Brother Orr, Brother Orr, I thought you were dying. We heard them praying for you over the radio—and you've never been ill? Ha, ha, ha. Praise the Lord. I thought you were dying of consumption in a sanatorium in Montreal—and you

weren't, were you? Ha, ha, ha. And here you are in the West Indies and you are the last person I expected to see."

"But I told you in Seattle," said I, "that I would meet you somewhere again, probably in the West Indies."

"Ah, yes. But I thought you were joking. And then I heard you were dying—up in Seattle and Victoria and Vancouver, the Christians were praying for your recovery if it pleased the Lord to spare you, and you weren't dying, were you? Ha, ha, ha. Praise the Lord."

His merry laugh was quite a tonic to me. We began to discuss old times—the meetings in Victoria and Seattle and Portland. Sadler is a rollicking, amusing type—his conversation is provokingly funny and amazingly racy. We laughed as we talked about the great times with our very kind friends, the Jepsons: then we exchanged snapshots. I felt braced up beyond words.

Just before we parted, I said to Sadler:

"Do you know an officer from the Atlantic side called Spencer—Lieutenant Spencer?"

"Say, do you know *him*? He is the best Christian in the Service I know. So far as the *Canadian* navy is concerned, he is the only professing Christian on the Atlantic side, and I am the only professing Christian on the Pacific."

"All right. Will you take a message to him? Tell him that I want to see him."

But Sadler has modesty to a marked degree. In the navy, it was not "the thing" to embarrass a superior officer who had kindred interests, but he got the message through by regular channels. The fact that Sadler and Lieutenant Spencer were the only Christians in the Canadian Navy did not make the former presume to approach the latter, although there is absolutely no "side" about Lieutenant Spencer.

It was another great treat to meet Lieutenant Spencer, and to discuss mutual friends in Nova Scotia. He, too, had heard that I was dying slowly in Montreal. Sherriff and he and I went for a nice walk on Saturday evening.

More by chance than by arrangement, both my friends in the Service were at the Soldiers' Home. To our amazement, a party of tough, but friendly sailors were there. We had an impromptu meeting very informal in style, beginning with a travelogue and going on with the simple Gospel in palatable form. Sadler had his auto-harp with him—he is quite a singer—and he sang for us. Between solos, he gave those big stokers

a word of testimony, and it deeply impressed them to hear his story of his conversion from evil ways—more especially as he was well known to be no 'sissy,' being a star footballer, an all-round athlete, and a fearless witness. Sadler had refused to play football on Sundays. The first time he had said grace before eating, a cup of coffee was thrown over him. He took all the persecution smilingly, and now he is recognised as a proven Christian. The presence of Lieutenant Spencer, a well-respected young officer, with the same testimony, made a very deep impression upon all the 'tough-nuts' present.

Both my friends accompanied me to the evening Gospel service in the Brethren Hall. It was well-filled. Lieutenant Spencer prayed, Sadler sang well-chosen solos, and I preached the Gospel. The Lord was present in that meeting; believers were revived; backsliders were restored; and sinners were converted. Almost a dozen professed making a decision, and a proportion of these were dealt with individually after the service.

All day Monday there were enquiries from strangers as to where I would be speaking before I left Jamaica. Mr. Hallett very nicely decided to arrange a meeting of an inter-denominational character—and other well known Christians offered to co-operate. A reporter from the *Daily Gleaner* came up to see me, but his account of the interview did not appear till after the meeting. On Tuesday morning, there was an advertisement in the paper, and at noon, Mr. Hallett hired boys to distribute handbills. It was all very uncertain, but at seven-thirty the Scotch Kirk was well-filled. Several prominent Christians were there. Lieutenant Spencer took the chair; Sadler sang well; and I preached to a mixed audience on a theme presenting both the challenge of Revival to Christians, and the Gospel of Salvation to the unconverted. There was a response from both sections of the assembly: about a score of people decided for Christ. After the service, one Christian said to me:

"I have been praying for revival in Jamaica. But now I know that it has already begun in my own heart."

The people of Jamaica are very religious. But religion is at a low ebb throughout the whole island. Many, many years have passed since the last religious awakening—revival is a misunderstood subject. But as everywhere else, little groups here and there are praying for a Divine visitation. This is a sure sign of coming blessing—when, we cannot say: but the prayer

of faith begins in God's intentions and it cannot be denied. My visit to Jamaica was brief, but if it was used of God to strengthen the hands of the band of intercessors, it was well worth while.

On Wednesday morning at six-thirty, Jack and I left the Island on the Pan-American seaplane, there being no other way. This was more expensive than the anticipated idea of going by ship. *The balance of money that we needed was handed to us by a complete stranger who knew nothing of our need.* With much regret, we said good-bye to the very kind friends at the Y.M.C.A. and all others in Kingston.

After a brief visit to the Republic of Colombia in South America, we reached Panama, and went aboard the good ship *Rangitane* at Cristobal. We saw something of Colon and Cristobal, and after the voyage through the wonderful Canal, visited Balboa and Panama City.

In all ports of the Spanish Main there is a great amount of sin and wickedness—chiefly prostitution. This is true of Kingston as well as of the Spanish-speaking places. The fact that the tropics provide an opportunity for such wrong doing may explain things a bit; nevertheless, there is a surprising racket of vice going on.

Every time I think of those beautiful tropical countries, I recall the words, "Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." These paradises of beauty are often hells upon earth.

Leaving the Port of Balboa, we set out for New Zealand, a long voyage of six thousand miles. Night after night the immense loneliness of the vast Pacific was impressed upon us, not a ship, not an island to break the monotony of the day's voyage. In the meantime, Sherriff and I took full advantage of the ship's sports, tennis, quoits and the like, for the recreation was a boon.

Half-way across the Pacific we stopped at the island of Pitcairn—the home of the descendants of the "mutineers on the Bounty," whose story is now so famous. The islanders came alongside in their longboats, and came aboard the vessel to sell excellent fruit of all sorts. These people are very attractive, showing the best qualities of their European fathers and Tahitian mothers. Many of them are quite good-looking. Swearing and smoking are unknown amongst them. They formerly belonged to the Anglican church, but left it for the Seventh-Day Adventist connection.

The visit to Pitcairn brought back very vividly to our minds the story of the historic mutiny of Fletcher Christian and his friends against the harsh discipline of Captain Bligh: how they captured the ship: how they set the captain and some loyal men adrift in the Pacific—which ended in the epic voyage across to Timor; then the settlement of the six mutineers and their Tahitian wives on Pitcairn: the fight with the Tahitian men who had accompanied them there: the murder of Christian:—what a drama has been connected with the history of the lonely island half-way across the Pacific.

CHAPTER TWO

THE EASTER REVIVALS IN NEW ZEALAND

THE story of the Revivals which began in the Auckland Province of North Island, New Zealand, demonstrates very clearly how Revival may be expected in any part.

A cablegram received in London and published in *The Christian*, summed up the work fairly well. It was signed by the Rev. A. S. Wilson, author of *Faith's Fight* and other well-known books, whose reputation as a preacher is better known in the Southern Hemisphere.

"Extraordinary New Zealand Revival begun during Orr's ministry at Ngaruawahia Easter Keswick and other camps. Hundreds publicly confessing sin, scores of conversions resulting, with sanely intense meetings of tireless crowds continuing till approaching midnight. Ngaruawahia missionary pledges and offerings Sunday approximately two thousand pounds.—A. S. Wilson."

But to go back to beginnings. Jack Sherriff and I arrived in Auckland Harbour (on the M.V. *Rangitane*) on April 6, which happened to be Tuesday. We had no Monday that week, owing to the crossing of the international date-line east of New Zealand. So on Sunday, we had attended Divine Service on board ship; and the following day, when we landed, was Tuesday.

When the officials came aboard the boat, I noticed one young man wearing a Crusader badge: so I spoke to him.

"Hallo. A Crusader, eh?"

"Yes, I am," he replied pleasantly, "and you seem to be a Christian, too?"

"Sure," said I. "Meet my friend, Mr. Sherriff, a Bromley Crusader."

We started a conversation. He asked me how long I would spend in New Zealand, where I hoped to go.

"I expect to go down to a convention at Ngaruawahia," I informed him.

"So do I," he replied. Then he looked at me.

"I say—excuse me, but do you happen to be Mr. Edwin Orr?"

"That's my name."

"Let's shake hands again. I have been praying for you for quite a while now. But I did not know that you would be coming on the *Rangitane*."

(I had received a cablegram from the Bible Training Institute of Auckland—it reached me in Los Angeles—asking me to attend the Easter Convention at Ngaruawahia, as a speaker. I had cabled an acceptance, so apparently the news had got round.)

We attended to Customs and Immigration: gave an interview to a Press man: then got ready to go ashore. My new friend, Broadbent asked:

"Have you any personal friends in New Zealand?"

"No, I am afraid not. As a matter of fact, I have an uncle who settled in New Zealand somewhere when I was about a year old, but I cannot trace him."

Scarcely were the words out of my mouth (as we say in Ulster) when a dark-haired, sunburned man rushed up to grasp my hand. I recognised him from ancient photographs.

"Uncle John, I presume?"

"Yes, Edwin. Welcome to New Zealand."

He explained that he had been following my movements, and that upon receipt of news regarding my arrival, he had come down from Russell to meet me. A moment later I was introduced to my Aunt Charlotte and Cousin Nellie. I felt heart-warmed at being welcomed by my own kith and kin who had remembered me as a baby. John Wright, my mother's brother, is a retired schoolmaster.

Sherriff and I were also greeted by praying friends who had not seen us before—Mr. J. O. Sanders of the Bible Training Institute, Miss Brain, Mr. Page, and others were good enough to come down to meet the boat. They were evidently pleased to see both of us looking so sunburned and healthy. We had supper with Mr. and Mrs. Sanders. On that Tuesday, Sanders, Sherriff and I agreed to unite in prayer for Revival to sweep the Convention on Saturday following. It did. And then I went off to my cousin's house for a long, long yarn on family affairs. I was well pleased to find that my relatives were deeply interested in spiritual things. A few days later I was to meet

my Cousin Jack Wright, who had been converted a month previously in a mission conducted by Evangelist J. P. Miller. It was a fine family reunion.

On Wednesday morning, it was my privilege to speak at the Bible Training Institute. This influential school of the prophets was founded by the late Rev. Joseph Kemp, and has continued till this day to be one of the great factors in the work of the Lord here. The students listened well to the message, and a break came in the meeting when one after another rose to confess hindrance and sin. Criticism, prayerlessness, secret sins were amongst the honest confessions—and a little local revival broke out as soon as these hindrances were cleansed away. Dr. Charles J. Rolls, the noted Bible teacher who was Dean of the Institute in days gone by, arrived at ten o'clock to speak to the students (it was their last day of the term), and finding the whole company on their knees, he joined us, and we all spent a glorious hour before the throne, asking and receiving revival. Dr. Rolls, from that moment, became a close friend and helper: I could see that revival was a genuine passion with him. That meeting was really the revival in first fruits.

Mr. Page very kindly volunteered to motor our party around the sights of Auckland. We visited Mount Atkinson, Mount Eden and other places, and the net impression was that Auckland is a most beautiful city, set in superb surroundings. It is amazingly beautiful. After such a treat, we went to the Farmer's Trading Company's Restaurant. Here I was introduced to Mr. Laidlaw, the manager, a splendid Christian worker.

"Yes, Mr. Orr," he said, "I have been hearing plenty about you from my brother-in-law, Dr. Harry Ironside."

The very name Ironside made me feel happy.

All day I kept meeting people who had been praying for me. I was greatly struck by the atmosphere of expectancy which prevailed—especially among the young people. There was no end of enthusiasm.

Mr. Sanders handed me the printed programme of meetings:

Thursday, April 9th:

7.30 p.m. Opening meeting. Welcome by Chairman, *John P. Miller*.

Friday, April 10th:

10.30 a.m. *Revs. John Bissett and E. L. Gunasekera.*

2.30 p.m. *J. Edwin Orr.*

6.30 p.m. Open Air Meeting.
 7.30 p.m. *Dr. Charles J. Rolls.*
 Saturday, April 11th:
 10.0 a.m. *Dr. Charles J. Rolls.*
 12 noon. River Excursion.
 7.0 p.m. Open Air Meeting.
 7.30 p.m. *J. Edwin Orr.*
 Sunday, April 12th:
 10.0 a.m. Communion Service. *Dr. Charles J. Rolls.*
 11.0 a.m. *J. Edwin Orr.*
 2.45 p.m. Missionary Meeting.
 6.30 p.m. Open Air Meeting.
 7.0 p.m. Evangelistic Service. *W. J. Mains.*
 Monday, April 13th:
 10.30 a.m. *Dr. Charles J. Rolls.*
 2.0 p.m. *J. Edwin Orr.*
 6.0 p.m. Testimony Meeting.

This Easter Convention at Ngaruawahia has become the "Keswick" of New Zealand. Folks seemed full of expectancy regarding the blessing that was to come—and the revival overwhelmed them.

In the meantime, revival broke out in a meeting at Auckland. My companion and I were having supper with the family of the young man who had greeted us on board. Without warning I was told that I would be the speaker at a service in a marquee the same evening in Mount Eden district.

"I promised to go along all right," said I, "but I understood that Dr. Rolls was to be the speaker."

"He was," said my informant, "but he stood down at his own suggestion. He wants the young people to hear you."

"He must be a perfect gentleman," said I.

"He is."

And so I went along to the meeting held in Mr. Rimmer's tent. It was crowded with young people, bright, happy young people. The service began in the usual way. Dr. Rolls was on the platform with me, and I felt greatly helped by his friendly attitude. I went ahead with a message to Christians. The Lord began to work in their hearts, and the expected break came. A young man stood up to ask prayer for deliverance from sin: another followed; then another. One young leader startled his friends:

"You all think that I am a deeply spiritual Christian—I

know that I have that reputation. But I want to tell you that inside I am like a sepulchre."

All the scenes of revival began to be enacted before our eyes. Some were melted into tears: some broke down while speaking: two or three prayed at once. One memory which will last was how a young man (an islander) began to sing in a voice of silver!

"Calvary covers it all,
 My life with its guilt and shame.
 My sin and despair
 Jesus took on Him there:
 And Calvary covers it all."

The hush of God fell on the place. Backsliders were restored. An appeal was made to the unconverted, and found fifteen or more definitely seeking salvation.

Here is Keith Rimmer's report:

"Though the Marquee was filled, it would have been far too small had we known previously that Mr. Orr would have been present. As it was, he faced an audience most of whom had read his books; the expectancy, therefore, was tremendous and the results wonderful.

"That the Spirit of God worked wonderfully through the meeting was evident. Things that had proved a hindrance to our meetings were openly confessed, many Christians realising the insufficiency of their consecration. *Many cases of definite conversion were recorded.* At the close, when the benediction was pronounced, no one seemed willing to go home.

"Many of us have been praying for revival. *Revival has started.* Truly God has shown His willingness to bless where there has been a willingness to confess and forsake the things that hinder Divine Power."

I had the joy of meeting people at the end—if there was an end to that meeting—who had got revival, restoration or salvation. Some may ask—But how do you know that the decisions were real? Take an example. Mrs. Graham, the camp mother at Ngaruawahia, was introduced to me a couple of days later. She shook my hand.

"Oh, Brother Orr, I am delighted to see you. Do you know?—four girls of mine were soundly saved at that Wednesday evening meeting."

And so the revival came to that meeting of young people. There was much rejoicing, and as I learned that some there present were going to be at Ngaruawahia, I felt more and more convinced that a revival would sweep the Convention. I said so. Some people smiled. Others said that they hoped so. Some of us knew that revival would come because it had come first to our own hearts. Revival does not produce pessimists.

Ngaruawahia is a little Maori town at the confluence of the Waikato and the Waipa rivers. The name in the beautiful Maori tongue means *the meeting of the waters*. It is supposed to be hard for English tongues to master that word, but I did not find it so. One need only remember that each Maori syllable ends in a vowel. The *ng* at the beginning is a nasal *n*. So the word is Na-ru-a-wa-hi-a. One British evangelist called it *Naggery-waggery*.

The Ngaruawahia Easter Convention on Keswick lines is the outgrowth of a camp started by Mr. Bruce Scott, an Auckland lawyer. Most of the young people prefer to be under the canvas at Easter, which is at the beginning of a beautifully mild and warm autumn. The camp has grown and grown to great proportion and has attracted such speakers as Dr. W. Graham Scroggie, Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor, Dr. R. V. Bingham, Rev. W. P. Nicholson and others. The present year (1936) has been a record year from the numerical point of view. Over 750 registered, and there were 1,200 at the meetings in the tent.

Bruce Scott was a great help to me, and a great deal of the work behind the scenes was due to him. J. O. Sanders of the Bible Institute is a wizard in organisation, and "hats off" to him for the success of the camp. Humorous, kindly, business-like, Sanders was worth his weight in gold.

As soon as I reached Ngaruawahia, I found that the Maori looked upon the district as an historic Maori centre. I met half a dozen charming little Maori schoolgirls—all Christians—who taught me to sing in Maori. The Maori people are surely the most wonderful of all the so-called native races—talented, musical, heroic, chivalrous. With Messrs. Sanders and Scott and a small party we were received by Her Highness Princess Te Puea Herangi. His Majesty the King of the Waikato Maori was unavoidably absent. Nevertheless, we were welcomed in a way that charmed everyone. An old *wahine* greeted us with

the chant of welcome: there were speeches of greeting; and exchange of compliments. A choir of Maori people sang a lovely hymn in their own tongue. Then I had the honour of an introduction to the Princess. She seemed very gratified when I told her that the Maori and the Irish shared the love of nature, love of poetry, love of music, and love of fighting. She was more amused when I told her that when I arrived in New Zealand I could scarcely distinguish between a *pakeha*¹ and a *toheroa*.¹

The Convention began in conventional ways with an opening meeting. Mr. Miller (who led my Cousin Jack to Christ) gave a fine address. Friday's meetings were pent up with expectancy, but no break occurred. Dr. Rolls gave a remarkably fine address on Friday evening.

After the evening meeting, a young man who had been in the revival in Rimmer's tent approached me.

"Mr. Orr," said he. "About a dozen fellows want you to come along to Tent Number Twenty-nine. They are concerned about revival."

I went. We discussed the hindrances to revival with frank earnestness. There seemed to be conviction, deep conviction.

"Now, you fellows," I said. "Do you really believe that God is going to give us revival?"

There was a chorus of "Amen."

"Yes, but do you believe that He will start the revival here in this tent to-night?"

After a silence, one young man said quietly:

"If we pay the price."

"All right," said I. "Let's get to prayer and see if God keeps His word. We'll pray for a revival here."

Some of them began to kneel.

"I say," cried one young man. "Don't—before we pray to God for revival, I want to get something off my mind."

A silence of amazement greeted his declaration. Then he turned to another fellow in the tent:

"Jack, I want to confess openly that I have been criticising you behind your back."

We were taken aback.

"Will you forgive me? I think I ought to get right with you first."

¹ A *pakeha* is a European and a *toheroa* is a New Zealand shellfish—quite a delicacy as soup.

After a painful silence, the other fellow said:

"That's all right. It's my fault, too. I have been doing the same thing behind your back. May God forgive us both."

When we started praying, transactions were gone through with the Lord. The first prayer was a broken confession of secret sin: another sought cleansing from pride: another confessed criticism: another unbelief. Young men are honest in their prayers—and these were not kept back by the presence of women.

"O God, O God," cried one, "deliver me from the bondage of the flesh."

"Lord, help me. Take out of my life the lust of the eyes."

I think that every one of the twelve young men got right with God. Then the spirit of revival began to fall upon us—it was an amazing meeting. We sang, we prayed, we rejoiced, we cried unto God. At ten-fifteen, I said to them:

"Now look here. I am going off to my hotel to go to sleep. But take a tip from me—go and try to get some of the other tents *on fire for the Lord*. It is your work just as much as mine. We asked God for a revival here—we have got it. The same thing will apply to the other tents."

They divided up into parties of three and started out. I went to my hotel. I felt the urge to tell Dr. Rolls of the revival, but did not want to disturb him. However, I could not sleep, so I left in my coat, got an apple, told the hotelkeeper that I would go for ten minutes' walk, and set out for the camp. To my amazement (for lights out was at ten-thirty) there were prayer meetings going on in a dozen tents. I listened. In some tents, revival had begun: in others they were asking for blessing. I met some of the boys from '29.'

"How did you get on, eh?"

They laughed.

"We were received very coldly in the first tent we went to—as a matter of fact they said we must be crazy and they put us out. But the other fellows are being well received."

"What are you going to do now?" I asked.

There was a late prayer meeting of a score of fellows going on in the big marquee, and the two boys from '29' announced their intention of "butting in." I left them and walked back to the hotel, rejoicing at their boldness. They went down to the marquee, and found a very ordinary sort of prayer meeting about to be closed. Now one of these two young men was an

over-exuberant fellow in temperament: the other was a quiet type. *The quiet fellow* went to the front of the prayer meeting and boldly interrupted the prayers, much to the astonishment of the score of men.

"Listen here, you fellows. What's the use of praying for other fellows' sins. You ought to confess your own, and get a revival in your own heart first."

And so they told an astonished company of how the revival had descended upon Tent 29. In the twinkling of an eye, there was conviction as the Holy Spirit descended upon that prayer meeting. Men were broken down, confessed sin, cried for mercy, sought forgiveness, asked for revival. And the prayer meeting in the big marquee went ablaze with spiritual power.

In the meantime—it was quarter to eleven—I reached the door of my hotel, and to my utter dismay, found myself locked out. I knocked the door, rang the bell, hammered, knocked again—all without avail. It is surely a remarkable thing that the other visitors had been shown a private way in at the back—but I was blissfully ignorant of such an ingress, for no one had told me. I tried every means of getting in until quarter past eleven. Finally, I made up my mind to go down to the camp and sleep on a spare palliasse. So off I set for the camp the third time. This time I heard unusual sounds from the big marquee and went in to find a deep revival begun.

The two fellows from '29' were in a fix—they did not know what to do next. The meeting was crying out for experienced leadership, so I quietly took charge. I explained that I had been locked out—they seemed hilariously delighted at that. The meeting took a new turn, for those seeking souls were urged to clinch matters and return thanks to God for the forgiveness that had been sought. A wave of praise suddenly swept over the group of men. Most of them had the joy of forgiveness and revival—but some were not right yet. One fellow prayed:

"O God, take the hatred out of my heart towards—" (The man himself was sitting on the same form). "O God, knock the pride out of me, so that I may have the grace to go and shake hands with him and ask his forgiveness."

When he had finished praying, he got up and held out his hand to his enemy. They shook hands, while tears rolled down many a fellow's face—tears of sorrow or tears of joy, I do not know. Another wave of praise swept over the group—we stood

up and sang, "I've got the joy, joy, joy, joy, down in my heart." I got to the piano, and a great praise service went on.

"Say, fellows," I suggested, "don't you think we'll be getting into trouble for making such a noise?—it's after half past eleven!"

"We'll stay up all night."

"Hallelujah."

"Praise the Lord."

The fervour rather carried us away, I am afraid. The scenes that night were the nearest thing to spiritual intoxication that I had ever seen. And yet, both Scott and myself had the witness of the Spirit in our hearts. We knew that it was genuine Revival. I was half amused and half astounded when one man—reputedly the quietest in the camp—climbed up and started the electrical amplifying apparatus working. His voice boomed out into the sleeping (?) tents:

"Praise the Lord—Revival has begun in the camp."

A moment later, the flap of the tent was lifted up, and a figure in pyjamas appeared. The look of astonishment on his face was soon replaced by a look of eagerness for the same blessing evidenced by our faces. He came back a moment later with his overcoat over his sleeping apparel. Others came along in the same way while we sang praises at the midnight hour. This praise, alternated with prayer, went on till after one o'clock in the morning. Strange things happened. After a rousing chorus which gave us the opportunity of letting our new-found joy overflow, a man stood up:

"You fellows are happy: I am not. Will you pray for me? I am a big hypocrite, that's all. I thought I *was* something, but just now the Lord has shown me that I am steeped in sin. Oh, pray for me."

He sat down and buried his face in his arms, and we could see his shoulders moving with broken sobs. Some got up and prayed for him. Then we sang:

"Would you be free from your burden of sin?
There's power in the Blood."

By one o'clock there were no fewer than sixty men in that revival meeting—everyone of whom had made his peace with his Lord. Other enemies were reconciled, other sins were confessed, other souls received the transforming power. At one o'clock, I man-

aged to persuade them to go to bed. They protested—I insisted, backed by a few others. Finally we stood up to sing:

"Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who died on Mount Calvary,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen."

The benediction was pronounced. It was ignored so far as going to bed was concerned. The praise service started all over again. At last we prevailed on them to go to bed. The last hymn was, "Blest be the tie that binds." The "sixty"—as they were afterwards called, were one in heart. My only concern was the fact that they had made the noise of six hundred—and that in the middle of the night. But revival had come—we were all convinced of that.

I slept in the Boat House.

Next morning, there was a buzz of conversation throughout the camps. It appears that people were awakened by the singing within a radius of half a mile. The girls' camp was awakened: sleepers were awakened up across the river. Comment was made everywhere. Most of the people were satisfied with the explanation that revival had begun in the men's camp: but there were mutterings from a minority. Bitter comments were made.

Said one man (indirectly) to me:

"Do you think that it was the work of the Holy Spirit to disturb people out of their sleep?"

"I believe it was the work of the Spirit to disturb people out of their sleep. Wait and see for yourself," I rejoined.

After considering the matter prayerfully, I asked permission of the chairman to make a statement publicly. He gave me five minutes. So I explained matters, and said that the sixty young men hoped that no one was unduly hurt.

"I have heard unkind criticism," I concluded. "So let me say this. The majority of these men were leading backsliding lives in bondage to sin for years. Now they have got victory. Do you blame them for praising the Lord far into the night? Why, I wish that you *all* had been there."

I asked the men concerned to endorse all that I said by standing up. "The Sixty" stood up like one man.

"Did you experience revival last night?"

"Amen." It was emphatic.

"Show these people how you feel about it."

Spontaneously, they burst into a hymn of praise which shook the place. There was no more criticism, for all were deeply impressed. As I sat down, I remarked:

"We have come to Ngaruawahia for revival. Revival has begun. Take heed that you do not hinder the work of the Spirit. Mark my words, you may see revival sweep the camp to-night."

That Saturday was the day of the picnic. I had a chance of making contacts with folks of all classes that afternoon, and truly the expectancy in all hearts was unbounded. It appears that revival broke out independently in a house-party on Saturday morning. All these signs greatly encouraged us.

Saturday evening's service was utterly overcrowded. There were 1,000 people crammed into the tent, and dozens of others all round the place. Dr. Rolls gave me a nod as I started to speak.

"I'm praying for you."

I preached for a full hour. The hush of conviction was upon the place—the very same atmosphere that pervaded Merrill MacPherson's church before the revival broke out there in Philadelphia. The great problem was how to handle such a great meeting when the break came.

When the appeal was made, a score of young people walked forward to the front and confessed besetting sin. Many were in tears as they knelt there. People began to break down all over the meeting—and yet that meeting was singularly orderly. Mr. Sanders and Dr. Rolls made their way over to the men's dining tent, and to them I sent score after score of young folk seeking blessing. Before very long there were two hundred being dealt with. Other leaders went out and dealt with different groups—there were seventeen after-meetings scattered all over the camp. Rev. A. S. Wilson calculated that over five hundred were dealt with: scores of backsliders were restored: there were dozens of conversions. About three hundred older people waited with me in the big marquee—and revival swept them likewise. Pastors and workers confessed backsliding; tears flowed; decisions for Christ were made by the unconverted.

Two Chinamen, who could not speak English, were in the meeting under conviction of sin. They were dealt with through an interpreter and decided for Christ. All told, a score of these converts were received at the Lord's table on the morrow, and there were others who could not attend.

These after-meetings began at nine-thirty. There was plenty of opportunity for people to slip away. But all were of one mind. About ten-thirty the people in the big marquee began to sing the praises of the Lamb. This was a signal for all around to come back to the main meeting. At ten-thirty, one thousand people were in the tent again—surely the greatest proof of all. *That praise service of one thousand happy people continued without break until eleven-thirty* when the leaders persuaded them to go off to bed. This they were very loth to do, but we insisted.

Let us look at the revival from a different angle. In an article published in the New Zealand paper *The Reaper*, entitled "Revival at Ngaruawahia," Mr. Sanders stated:

"For some time before Easter, a spirit of unusual expectancy had been kindled in our hearts by the Holy Spirit, but the reality far exceeded the expectation. Those of us who were responsible for the conduct of the camp had the great joy of sitting back and seeing God work in a sovereign way. We were as men that dreamed."

The second and third paragraphs repeat what I have said about the first three days of the Convention. We take up the thread of Mr. Sanders' narrative at an interesting point—just when he took charge of one of the after-meetings:

"The writer was deputed to take charge of the meeting of those who had so risen. What a scene that dining marquee presented, a scene such as we read of but are seldom privileged to see—young and old flocked in and knelt quietly at the tables with bowed heads, many with tears flowing, until some 150 had gathered. . . . The tent was filled with the voice of prayer as a dozen or twenty prayed in subdued tones at the same time. Each seemed totally oblivious of the other, anxious only to lose the burden of sin. As they got through to victory, they quietly returned to the large marquee where similar scenes were in progress. At ten-thirty, all assembled in the marquee for a service of praise. With exultant joy, hymns and choruses of praise and rejoicing were sung until the whole township rang and rang again. . . ."

"While this work was going on among the Christians, many unconverted souls were being saved. Two Chinese who could not speak English were led to Christ through interpretation, and had you entered one tent late that night, you would have seen three Chinese and three B.T.I. students with their arms around one another thus confessing the reality of their joy and unity."

At midnight I could not think of sleeping. So Jack Wright (my cousin) and I went for a walk up the hills. We heard the sound of singing coming from the big marquee—men's voices, singing the chorus which I had composed:

"Coming this way, yes,
Coming this way,
A mighty revival
Is coming this way.
The Lord keeps His promise
And that is enough:
We're praying for blessing
From North Cape¹ to Bluff."

We made our way down to the marquee. The front was crowded by a couple of hundred men singing lustily everything they could sing. It was one of the most amusing things outstanding in my memory of the Ngaruawahia revival—just to watch Sanders trying to persuade those men to go to bed.

"You'll have to go to bed, fellows," he cried, trying to make himself heard above the other voices. Next moment he himself was swept away in the singing of another hymn of praise.

"Look here, You'll have to go to bed. We all need physical rest and sleep. We have a very full programme to-morrow.——"

"It is not to-morrow, it is *to-day*, brother."

It being after midnight, it was Sunday, and a roar of laughter greeted this sally. They sang another and another hymn, but on being told that they could get up as early as they liked to sing, they reluctantly went off to bed. By about two o'clock in the morning, the camp was quiet.

Another funny thing happened. When the revival began in the big tent, "the sixty" cleared out to the prayer tent to have a meeting of their own—"to pray through." In the hush of the big meeting, we were disturbed by the sound of praises from the sixty. I sent Mr. Sanders out to keep them quiet. He shifted them to the furthest part of the camp—the angle between the two rivers—consequently they could not be removed further away. But still their praises rent the air. The friendly policeman went down to them, saying:

"Look here. If you fellows don't keep your voices under control, I'll ship the lot of you down the river in the big boat."

Easter Saturday was a day of tremendous revival. Some folks were too utterly amazed to understand the significance of

¹ New Zealand's "Land's End to John o' Groats."

it all. We were highly gratified when one well-known Christian stood up to say that he had "come for blessing, but did not expect to see anything more than an ordinary convention." But he "realised now that it was the sin of unbelief." Another well-known Christian approached me, and I could see that he was trembling with nervousness:

"Mr. Orr," he said, "I really came here for blessing, but I have a confession to make. All along I have been utterly opposed to you and your ministry."

"Well, brother," I replied, "if I can clear up any misunderstanding, let me do it."

"But that's just it. I haven't a single real objection to you. I just didn't like you. I have confessed to God the sin of lovelessness, but I want your forgiveness as well."

"Well," I said gently, "if you have confessed your sin to the Lord, He has cleansed it away—it does not exist, so I have nothing to forgive. I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll just forget the thing so far as you are concerned."

It was not necessary for any of the speakers to be reconciled—their unity of heart was a prime factor in the revival. Most of all I felt the help of Dr. Rolls' sympathy and prayers. I was rather amused when he burst into my room early on Sunday morning:

"It's a feast of thanksgiving—it's a feast of thanksgiving. Remembering the Lord's death is not an occasion for mourning—we must enter into His great triumph."

"All right, doctor," I rejoined. "You are to lead the Communion Service so I pray God that it will be a feast of thanksgiving."

Dr. Rolls delivered one of the finest pre-Communion addresses I ever heard. It lifted us up to the highest plane of thanksgiving and joy. Sing—Rejoice—it was Easter morning. One thing was noticeable to me—it had been predicted that the tremendous stress of Saturday would be followed by a reaction. Instead, we found that the feeling of the people was running very deeply—there was less demonstration but even deeper feeling.

A thrill ran around the packed tent when Sanders began to speak:

"There are some with us this morning, at the Lord's table, who, twenty-four hours ago, were not in the Kingdom. We welcome them."

That Easter morning Communion service was true to its motto—*All one in Christ Jesus*. The note of triumph sounded all the way through.

The service that followed was even more crowded, for visitors from Auckland and Hamilton arrived in time for it. It was my privilege to give a Bible Reading on the subject of the Holy Spirit. They listened well—and when I stopped, I found that I had spoken for an hour and a half. Sherriff drew my attention to this fact, but remarked:

"It showed real grace, and it was a proof of revival to see the absolute absence of restlessness."

There was a missionary meeting after lunch, but I was away at another camp, so I was not a witness of what was described to me. I learned that the revival had meant a real revival of practical missionary interest—two thousand pounds being pledged.

At the evening service, which I missed on account of another camp service, Mr. Mains, the Hon. Principal of the New Zealand Bible Training Institute, preached the evangelistic message. Nearly three dozen people made their decision for Christ, for hard hearts were broken down. The influence of the revival was being felt.

In the meantime, Mr. Sherriff, Mr. Jack Wright (my newly converted cousin), two members of 'the sixty,' and I set out by car to Pukekohe, where the Churches of Christ were holding their Easter convention. All of us spoke, and there was an immediate though partial response. Revival to many hearts, but not all—one reason being the presence of curious townspeople along with the deeper Christians. But I received a letter ten days later giving supplementary data—my informant was a well known pastor. "Your visit gave that spiritual shock which stimulated *faith* to believe for a better life—the cleansing and filling. However, the general confession of sins was very new to our people; so we called a meeting on the free afternoon. To our surprise, very few campers were absent: a most impressive service was held; difficulties were met and a prayerful expectation of blessing. That evening we had a quiet meeting of great power, and after many of *God's people were deeply moved*, with tears and heartsearching, there were ten definite conversions."

Mr. Keith Rimmer, in whose tent revival had begun in Auckland, came to that meeting to take us to the Baptist Young

Men's Bible Class Camp at Maungitawhiri. We arrived there about five-thirty, and the meeting began at six-thirty. First I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Hodge, pastor of the well known Baptist Tabernacle of Auckland. It had been arranged that Dr. Hodge was to be the evangelistic speaker. I was to speak first to the Christians and prepare the way, but Dr. Hodge himself suggested that I should go ahead if the atmosphere warranted it.

Sherriff spoke first, describing the outbreak of revival. Jack Wright gave his testimony, and told how he had been rebuked and revived. The two members of 'the sixty' added their testimony and exhortation. I noticed one peculiar thing. When the last speaker but one (of our party) told how there had been reconciliations and described fellows in the men's camp breaking down into crying, a wave of mild contempt spread over the faces of his hearers. The speaker noticed it.

"Look here. Maybe you fellows think that we were 'sissies' to break down and cry. Mark my words—some of you who think that you are big he-men will be in tears before to-night is out, for I am convinced that revival will sweep this camp as well."

Nobody believed him, yet his words were fulfilled exactly.

One hundred and fifty men were in the meeting, and only a handful of ladies. I asked the latter's permission to ignore them. Then the message followed unhindered by niceties of expression. We called sin *sin*: lust was described as *lust*: hypocrisy was *hypocrisy*: prayerlessness was a broken vow; unbelief was an insult to God. The atmosphere of deep conviction of sin was soon prevalent. The sword of the Spirit, the Word of God, seemed to cut to every heart.

"Now before we get to prayer for a revival in this camp, let us get rid of the hindrances in our own personal lives."

A dead silence followed.

The first confession made was one of cowardice in witnessing for Christ at business. Others followed.

"I, too, am a good Christian on Sunday and a miserable failure for the rest of the week. I have secret sin as well."

"I am a failure all the week and Sunday as well—I'm a hopeless hypocrite. Pray for me."

Each confession cut other hearts.

"My sin is the lust of the eyes and evil thoughts."

"I, too, have secret sin. And I am ashamed of Christ to my friends."

At this juncture, I felt it a good time to intervene.

"Will those who have asked for prayer and made confession, please come forward? We'll pray for you first."

Within a minute, about sixteen fellows were kneeling at the front. One or two were crying. We prayed for them, urging them all the while to accept God's promise of forgiveness and cleansing conditional upon confession. Someone started singing that beautiful chorus:

"Calvary covers it all,
My life with its guilt and shame:
My sin and despair
Jesus took on Him there—
And Calvary covers it all."

There was restrained sobbing. Those who were kneeling at the front returned thanks to God for taking the burden away, and quietly slipped back to their seats.

"Now. If there are any others needing blessing, say so."

Nobody moved. I felt the indignation of the Lord.

"You big hypocrites. How dare you cover up your secret sin. How dare you resist the striving of the Spirit . . . ?"

A boy sitting beside Dr. Hodge suddenly burst into tears. Other "big he-men" broke down likewise. Further confessions were made. Altogether, eighty young men were dealt with, after confession of hindrance. This did not surprise me, but something else did. An appeal to the unconverted was made. *Thirty responded.* One after another they stood up—at the front and all over the tent. Said one young man:

"I want to be a Christian."

"I want to be a Christian, too," said another.

"I'm a backslider, and I want to return to the Lord."

In response to the appeal, they came out to the front. We all got to our knees.

"Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry.
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.
Saviour, Saviour,
Hear my humble cry:
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by."

Some were dealt with individually, but the majority knew the Gospel from childhood. Prayers of thanksgiving and praise for revival, for restoration, for salvation began to ascend. It became a praise service. We sang our Hallelujahs. I noticed one of our party, one of the sixty, clapping his hands while we sang. I fetched him up to the front.

"My friends," said I. "It is quite scriptural to clap your hands. This fellow here will show you how to do it."

Before he did, he said whimsically:

"I'm an Anglican—and this is what a revival does for Anglicans."

A roar of laughter shook the tent. A hand-clapping Anglican leading a praise service in a Baptist camp was too funny for words.

"Running over, running over,
My heart's full and running over:
Since the Lord saved me,
I'm as happy as can be,
My heart's full and running over."

At nine o'clock, I announced that our party would have to leave.

"You see, there is a meeting in Ngaruawahia at ten o'clock to-night for those who are desiring to be filled with the Holy Spirit. So we'll have to go."

The meeting so far had lasted two and a half hours. The men themselves immediately proposed carrying on the service. Quite happily I turned over the meeting to Dr. Hodge—who himself seemed to be deeply moved by all that had taken place. Another strange thing followed. A young man at the back stood up and interrupted:

"Mr. Orr, before you go—I want to get something off my mind, for I have been a hindrance here. There are two men in this camp with whom I am not on speaking terms. I want that removed. I have confessed to God this sin of criticism and lovelessness—but I want to ask these fellows' forgiveness. If they forgive me, will they please shake hands publicly? Their names are——"

The three men publicly shook hands and apologised. So did another couple. Then another fellow stated publicly:

"I have been criticising Dr. Hodge behind his back. I refused to take part in his open air meeting. . . ."

He crossed over to the pastor.

"Will you forgive me, Dr. Hodge?"

The much amazed pastor and the intensely earnest young man shook hands warmly. These "little foxes which spoil the vines" were being driven out of the vineyard. We left the men singing:

"Floods of joy o'er my soul
Like the sea billows roll—"

After a run of an hour or more we reached Ngaruawahia. I felt on the point of collapse. I had not been in bed before 1.30 a.m. for nights running. We were exactly half an hour late, arriving at ten-thirty. Judge our amazement upon finding the big marquee absolutely packed full of happy people. However, I was given extra strength to carry on for another hour. The camp officer from Maungitawhiri had accompanied us, and he described briefly the revival that had broken out at the Baptist camp. The joy of his hearers knew no bounds. This Sunday night meeting went on until approaching midnight—four hours all told. Every revival meeting had disregarded time—it took all the forcefulness of J. O. Sanders to persuade the people to go home to bed.

Here is Mr. Sanders' account:

"On Sunday morning, about 1,000 gathered for the Communion Service at which Dr. Rolls gave the address. The hearts of all were stirred as, unmindful of denominational differences, we remembered the dying and undying love of the Saviour. Then followed a Bible Study by Mr. Orr in which he gave a clear and satisfying interpretation of the various terms used of the Holy Spirit . . . after the confession and cleansing experienced by so many on the previous evening, the clear teaching necessary was given in the subsequent meetings.

"At the missionary meeting . . . an appeal was made for those who were willing to yield their lives in full surrender to Christ for His service, whether at home or abroad. Hundreds of young folk rose . . . indications are that the £2,000 mark (in missionary subscriptions) will be passed this year.

"Mr. W. J. Mains gave a most searching address in the evening when many more found Christ. At 9.30 the meeting was changed into one for Christians. Very few left the tent which was still practically full at 11 p.m. After singing and prayer, brief testimonies as to how they had entered into the blessing of the Spirit-filled life were given by Dr. Rolls, Mr. Allan and the writer (Mr. Sanders). This met the difficulties in the minds of many who by faith appropriated that same fullness. Rev. A. S. Wilson led in

prayer for those who responded. Dr. A. B. Simpson's beautiful hymn expressed the attitude of those present, and was sung with great meaning:

I take the promised Holy Ghost,
I take the power of Pentecost,
To fill me to the uttermost:
I take, He undertakes."

Monday morning brought another day of continued revival. It was the closing day of the convention—and yet the feeling was at white-heat. We had a happy time both morning, afternoon and evening.

To quote *The Reaper* once more:

"But perhaps the outstanding meeting of the whole camp was the testimony meeting which commenced about 6.30 p.m. (although many had gathered before that). When it was announced that all who desired to testify must come up to the platform and speak through the amplifier, it was thought that few would face the ordeal. From the very first moment, however, the platform was crowded—and sometimes the aisle too—with those eager to tell of blessing received. As it neared ten p.m. and the meeting had been going on for nearly four hours, the writer endeavoured to close down; but the young folks jumped from their seats and literally ran down the aisle lest they should miss their opportunity. After *another hour* of testimony, unbroken except for choruses, another attempt to close the meeting was made. (It failed.) Once again midnight was drawing near when the meeting concluded with singing such as one expects to hear in heaven. The testimonies given were clear, definite and sincere. One was struck with the confidence with which naturally shy and timid souls gave testimony. They spoke in a power obviously not their own.

"There were many remarkable features about the gathering. There was a great spontaneity and freedom, and yet no extravagance. In spite of consistently late nights and long meetings, campers did not seem unduly tired. One young hopeful even suggested that we have longer meetings. While there was no great wave of emotionalism, a subdued yet contagious holy joy was in the air. It did not seem unnatural for old men and matrons to yield to the exhortation of Psalm 47: 1 and clap their hands for very joy. Our hearts are filled with rejoicing—and *the end is not yet.*"

In my farewell address, a touching thing was done. Four Maori girls came up and sang the Maori farewell:

"Po ata rau
I moe a i ho nei:
E haere ana

All Your Need

Koe ki pa ma mao;
Haere ra
Ma hara mai ano:
Ki-ite tau i tangi atu nei."

I think that my own translation is better than the usual one:

"Now the hour draws nigh
When we must say good-bye:
Soon you'll be sailing
Far across the sea;
When you're away,
Remember me, I pray:
You'll find me waiting
Your return to me."

I sang it in Maori immediately afterwards, hoping to put to shame the majority of New Zealanders who possess a colossal ignorance of the beautiful language of the Maori people.

The Monday evening service—the testimony meeting—lasted till about midnight. Sherriff, Wright and I caught the 9.35 p.m. "Limited" at Frankton Junction, and reached Wellington next day.

CHAPTER THREE

SOUTHWARDS TO BLUFF

WITH Sherriff and Wright (both Jacks, hence the use of their surnames) I alighted from the "Limited" at Thorndon Station in Wellington. Wellington is known by the nickname "windy Wellington," but while we were there, we had calm weather which showed the beauties of the capital to best advantage.

Quite a little party had gathered to meet us—Dr. John Laird (a close friend of my Scottish friends, the Andersons of Milton of Campsie) leader of the C.S.S.M., I.V.F., Crusader and Scripture Union movements in New Zealand; Mr. Keith Liddle, manager of a great New Zealand business enterprise; Mr. Bert Freeman, who became our host in Wellington; and several other friends.

The first meeting was with students from the newly-formed I.V.F. This was a meeting of heartsearching and confession and blessing. Some were very deeply moved by the message; and the presence of the Lord was felt.

Four of us motored a hundred miles to Palmerston North. We arrived a few minutes late and were pleased to find a friend of Rev. Lionel B. Fletcher (a Congregational pastor, Rev. Raymond Simpson) in charge of the meeting. We were well received. Jack Wright, known to many Palmerston people by reason of his residence there while at Massey College, gave his testimony. The message following produced great conviction in the majority of hearts: but there was a shirking of issues by some, resulting in partial revival. Many went away looking miserable: some went away rejoicing: and some among the unconverted made a decision for Christ.

Speaking at a luncheon of ministers in the South Island a week later, Sherriff declared: "To me, the greatest proof of the Revival at Ngaruawahia was demonstrated at Palmerston North. At the close of the meeting there, four young ladies came up to greet us. Most of the people around were fairly miserable looking, for some had resisted the Spirit, but these girls were simply radiant with the joy of the Lord. We im-

mediately said: 'Hallo, Ngaruawahia.' Their faces were a testimony to the depth of blessing at that Easter revival."

I feel sure that blessing had begun at Palmerston. I said to a friend, a Palmerston Christian: "If you want my candid opinion, the atmosphere here tells me that there must be disunity and church feuds in this town." He told me that quite a number of them were well aware of the truth of that statement. The meeting on that Tuesday night was a real beginning, but the responsibility for revival rests with those people who crowded out the capacious Empire Hall on that occasion. With confident hearts, we motored back to Wellington.

The committee responsible for the Wellington campaign was a choice group of consecrated business men, and the meetings were supported by folks from every denomination from Anglican to Brethren. The first meetings were held in the Blue Triangle Hall, the Wednesday and Thursday meetings being well filled, gallery and all. On Thursday and Friday, we had well-attended noon-day gatherings. On Friday evening there was no meeting. The first service (Wednesday) was supercharged with expectancy for reports and letters and wires had brought news of the Ngaruawahia revival to Wellington Christians. Humanly, I was extremely disappointed with the *second* meeting. The way to revival was made very clear—prayer and removal of hindrances. The main object of the address was to make possible the prayer: "Lord, send a mighty revival to Wellington, but begin first in me." But I felt that too many people gathered there wanted an easy revival. Everywhere one finds that type of Christian who thinks that revival is dependent on the recitation of a hocus-pocus magic formula. This type was in that meeting, and when the necessity of confession was set forth, *pride* forbade public renunciation of sin. And so many, in spirit if not in deed, prayed: "O Lord, send a revival, but begin in somebody else first and convince me that it is possible." We went home rejoicing that some had had the courage of their convictions to get right with God; but we were equally conscious that the Holy Spirit had been deeply grieved at the hardness of heart of the majority. The organisers were all right, I think, and I felt conscious of no hindrance in the messenger—the responsibility lay with the people.¹

¹ In the official report of the campaign, Mr. G. A. Neal-Freeman, the Hon. Secretary, stated: "At the close of this meeting, a great crowd of people stood to their feet, and confessing sin, asked for prayer. The

Of course, Wellington has the reputation of being a spiritually 'cool' city. There has been little to compare with the record of Auckland, which greatly benefited by the ministry of Joseph Kemp and Lionel B. Fletcher and others. My closest friends in Wellington were not a bit damped by the response to the message, for they declared that the partial blessing itself was a record for Wellington. It was certainly true that the campaign showed the unity of Christians in a wonderful way.

In the meantime, Sherriff, Wright and I were heartily enjoying the hospitality of the Freemans, a married couple young enough to relish the mischief and escapades of three men in their early twenties. We had some fun. The cookery likewise was an inspiration. One of the committee took us out for a drive and we enjoyed the trip around the wonderful harbour. Dr. Laird was the soul of kindness and Scottish commonsense; the others were splendid.

On Friday, the campaign took on a different turn. All the arrangements had been made hurriedly, and it had been found impossible to get a suitable hall for the Saturday evening service. The only unoccupied place was the large Town Hall. With fear and trembling, the organisers booked it, knowing well the damping effect of a small meeting in a vast place. They made strenuous efforts to advertise the meeting. At a previous meeting, the chairman of the committee, Liddle, a business man known all over New Zealand, asked for six volunteers to carry sandwich boards. There was a holding back. So he said:

"I won't ask you to do anything that I'm ashamed of doing. I'll be the first."

The other five responded immediately. I take off my hat to Liddle for his zeal and humility. The first man who saw him walking the streets of Wellington was another equally prominent business man who almost swallowed his cigarette in his surprise. There were other methods. The result was that on Saturday night we had a surprise. One of my friends at the door greeted me with the words:

"What little faith we have had—the downstairs is practically full."

We had much blessing in that gathering.

Sunday morning gave me the opportunity of preaching the Word at Lower Hutt Baptist Church. The place was crowded

Holy Spirit was indeed working, yet a powerful opposition was felt, unseen yet real, and many went away without receiving a blessing."

out completely. I felt that there was great liberty in the meeting—believers were revived, backsliders restored, and quite a surprising number of unconverted made their decision. All this followed public confession before God. The pastor, Rev. Hayes Lloyd, was a great help.¹

Sunday afternoon found us in the Town Hall. I had been announced to speak on the subject: "Adventures in Soviet Russia and Why I am a Revolutionist"—one of my dodges for luring the unconverted to the meeting. A crowd of Communists turned up, and it appeared that they would spoil the meeting. Police came along as well. How to avoid a heckling was my main concern—and it was amazing how trouble was avoided. I thought it only fair to let the Communists know that there were police in the building, so I said:

"It gives me much pleasure to speak to such a well-mixed crowd. We have Anglicans here, Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, Brethren, and also Agnostics, Communists and plain clothes policemen."

Even the Communists laughed at the gentle warning. I went on to say that I was glad that the Communists present were not the rude type of rowdies but rather the intellectual type. Knowing that I was speaking to people of good taste and intellect (I said), I felt assured that they would not interrupt in the usual vulgar way—a better method was to write questions on a slip of paper. My friends were greatly amused and delighted at the adroit shackling of the interrupters. They were splendid—not one said "boo"—and I had great liberty in preaching the Gospel. I answered five of the written questions passed up to me—the first one challenged me to a debate. This I accepted on the condition that they would pay my expenses out from London.

According to members of committee, there were 2,500 people present in the afternoon and 2,100 in the evening. I was greatly encouraged with the last service—about 600 people publicly dedicated their lives to the Lord; a number of backsliders and unsaved were dealt with as well. These Sunday meetings atoned for the disappointments of Thursday. A great expectancy and yearning for revival was all too evident.

¹ From *The Reaper*: "Mr. W. J. Mains has concluded a mission in the Lower Hutt Presbyterian Church. There was a gracious working of the Spirit done. On the final Sunday, no fewer than twenty accepted Christ, while during the previous week they had been coming out in twos and threes."

As Mr. Bert Freeman wrote at the end of the report, "And it could be truly said that God had begun a great work of revival in Wellington."

Only to-day (as I write this in Christchurch) I have received two letters which have greatly encouraged me. In this connection, I must say that an old prayer warrior (Mr. Baker who was at Ngaruawahia) saw us off at the Christchurch Ferry service. His last words were, "I'm praying for Revival at the Tuesday night meeting—the prayer meeting." Mr. Freeman wrote: "Just a note as an encouragement to you about our Wellington meetings. Last night—Tuesday—at Nimmo's Hall, we had a big Revival prayer meeting to follow on the campaign. The large hall was crowded with Christians from all denominations, and a wonderful time was experienced in definite prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. . . ." The other letter repeats the news.

The first engagement in the South Island was to be in Nelson. Dr. Minnie Varley, the President of New Zealand Christian Endeavour, had first suggested this meeting to me, so it was arranged upon condition that transport was suitable. The only means of reaching Nelson in time was by air—and at the last moment, four hours before the meeting, the air company informed us that the service was cancelled on account of bad weather. I regard appointments as sacred, and so I offered to hire a private air taxi: but no pilot was found willing to take me across, Cook Strait being a treacherous stretch of water. There was nothing to be done but to phone Nelson and cancel the arrangement, praying that the Lord would overrule. A missionary of high spiritual standing (whose paths had crossed mine in several places, and whose daughter had made a public dedication of life in the Wellington campaign) took my place, with two others: a good meeting was held, my friend speaking on the way to revival. A great expectancy of revival in Nelson was reported to me from several sources.

And now for the Christchurch news:

"Tuesday 21st April, 1936: Crossed last night on the *Wahine*, leaving at 7.45 p.m. and arriving at 7.0 a.m. The journey rather reminds me of the crossing from Belfast to Liverpool, except that the *Wahine* is a regular old boneshaker. The Freemans (bless them) were down to see us off, and three other friends. We were greeted to-day by Mr. Fountain and Mr. Purdie. It seems that we have a good committee to run the Christchurch

campaign, its members having served on other campaigns of note. The first engagement was a luncheon for ministers and leaders—it was very gratifying to see the turnout, about a dozen men of all denominations. Sherriff was sitting beside a fine old Anglican clergyman: the Brethren were strongly represented: there was the familiar Salvation Army uniform: Methodist and Baptist: China Inland Mission—I think one could say 'the cream of Christchurch.' A most delightful atmosphere prevailed: and the last prayer was a deep expression of heart yearning for revival."

The Committee very wisely arranged a "down-town programme" irrespective of denomination. The largest "down-town" churches became our hosts. All the evening meetings were held at 7.30 p.m., with Saturday a free day, and Sunday a special programme.

Tuesday: Young People's Rally: Oxford Terrace Baptist (chairman, Pastor J. Crawford—Church of Christ).

Wednesday: Public Meeting: Oxford Terrace Baptist (Rev. L. A. North, pastor).

Thursday: Durham Street Methodist (Rev. C. Eaton, minister).

Friday: Salvation Army Citadel (Captain W. J. Thompson).

Sunday: Knox Presbyterian Church (Rev. T. W. Armour, minister), morning and evening.

Tuesday evening's service was a promising one. The large Baptist church was well-filled, young folk predominating. The Christian Endeavourers very kindly put off their rally and joined with us, so I spoke as an Endeavourer. There was a splendid atmosphere: quite a lot of conviction of heart, but I refrained from making an appeal. I had letters from several under conviction.

The first definite break came on Wednesday night. The message which I preached that evening was of a preparatory nature, breaking ground, but so many came under conviction, that I asked those who must go on account of home duties to slip out first. Then I requested the hardened hypocrites to follow: almost the whole congregation remained. After preaching a second message on 'Sin,' the break came. We were about to have prayer, when the missionary already referred to in connection with Nelson, stood to his feet:

"I feel convicted by the Spirit of the sin of prayerlessness."

He went on with a very honest confession—how he had been

preaching a message of revival, which now came back on him like a boomerang. This missionary was well known to be a very godly man. I was well pleased with his lead. Sherriff remarked afterwards, "But I am convinced that he must be one of the most prayerful men in the meeting." To which I replied: "Yes, but the closer a man gets to God, the more conscious he is of sin." What pleased me most was that this missionary did not care 'two hoots' about his reputation when the question of getting God's blessing in God's way was concerned.

The people soon followed him to the front where they knelt in prayer. Sins of criticism, cowardice, pride, secret sin were publicly confessed. All over the church, people rose, confessed sin, briefly asked for prayer. The Spirit had begun to work. Knowing how unsympathetic people can hinder a meeting, I took the opportunity of announcing an after-meeting for those who really desired positive blessing and cleansing. Over 500 remained. It was a lovely prayer meeting. Prayers for cleansing soon turned into praise for deliverance. We closed at a fairly late hour. Revival had begun in many hearts.

In my opinion, however, I felt that the blessing had been limited by the unwillingness of Christian leaders to confess. There were many of these in the meeting, genuinely sympathetic, eager for revival, but hindered by pride and fear of man from taking a lead in confessing their own need. I felt that the Spirit was striving with these men, and when the meeting closed, I knew that the Lord was grieved by their refusal to take the lead.

Next day I received a letter from my missionary friend who was returning to his field of labour over the ocean.

"I would so much have liked to tell you all to-night how much harder I found it to confess the sin of powerlessness through failure to maintain the adequate and supreme place in my life of regular daily prayer and communion, *than to speak* in public on God-given revival (as I have done here in Christchurch and throughout the Dominion). Twice last Lord's Day and once on Monday I pleaded with Christians to seek times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Yet last night I was constrained to confess falteringly *my own need*."

"I believe profoundly that Christchurch and all New Zealand will not know God's revival until the *Christian leaders* are themselves broken down in confession as the chief hinderers of the

blessing that the windows of Heaven are almost bursting to empty out. I felt it powerfully in last night's meeting . . . may God 'rend the heavens' to-night and 'come down, that the mountains' of prejudice, pride, and personally realised but unconfessed sin among the preachers and leaders of His people may 'flow at the presence of the Lord.'

"Plead especially with the leaders. . . . *Judgment must begin at the House of God*: and as in Hezekiah's revival, the king, priests, levites and rulers must first be restored . . . to sanctify themselves, before revival will spread from a sanctified House of the Lord to all the people."

This letter affected me deeply. The trouble—cowardice of leaders whose pride forbids confession—has blocked many a promising revival. What a responsibility lies at their door. Some pastor may be reading this—may it search your heart and crush your pride.

This book may some day reach the missionary just quoted. If it does, may I say that I have the Spirit's witness that God is calling *him* to do the same sort of work which God gave Dr. Jonathan Goforth in a missionfield not far distant. I have felt burdened since first meeting this servant of God.

The same day (Thursday) we had a very encouraging meeting in the cathedral of Methodism in the South Island—Durham Street Methodist Church which seats 1,200. The pastor in opening declared his positive faith in the evangelical message, and referred to his conversion in Auckland. There was a warm atmosphere, which again developed into an atmosphere of conviction. The large church was well-filled, so that it was difficult to handle the after-meeting. Prayers—short prayers began to ascend all over the place—prayers for victory over besetting sin—prayers for revival—prayers for forgiveness. Six hundred people rededicated their lives to God, the majority being tremendously in earnest, a minority responding on account of the spontaneity of the public confession which rather showed them up. We announced that the vestry would be open for prayer afterwards. As a rebuke to my lack of faith—I expected a handful—the vestry was utterly packed out, some fifty people praying aloud for blessing. Just at the close, I asked those who wanted salvation or the assurance of salvation to confess the need publicly. To my surprise, there were six decisions for Christ.

On Thursday afternoon, we had a rally of 'old dears'—a

proper Mothers' meeting, except for the spinsters: I felt that they were all in real earnest about personal revival. An atmosphere of confessional prayer came over the place, bringing a time of refreshing. Miss McKee, a consecrated worker and a prayer warrior, 'chaired' the meeting, which utterly packed out St. Paul's Schoolroom.

On Friday morning, Sherriff and I went to the Technical College and spoke to the assembled second and third year students. Dr. Hanson is the principal. On the same day, I went along to the Ministers' Fraternal: it was one of the best meetings of the tour. I described some recent revivals to them, and then read the missionary's letter quoted in this chapter. We considered the prayerlessness, powerlessness, lack of devotion, and pride of heart so prevalent among ministers, pastors and evangelists—even those who truly loved the Lord. It soon became evident that there was a spirit of conviction among the ministers: we knelt for prayer. The prayers that followed were honest confessions of failure and hindrance. It was a most encouraging meeting of prayer for revival. One or two who spoke to me afterwards could be described as modernists. But all of them were hungry for God's blessing. I believe that the majority of liberals—the product of a liberal training—would choose spiritual revival every time and cast aside the doubts of perverted intellectualism. One of the other pastors testified of the blessing to his congregation on the following Sunday.

Friday evening brought us to the Salvation Army Citadel. Here we had a splendid gathering. Revival resulted. The public confession of failure and cry for revival began with the officer in charge, and touched very many hearts. There were also some decisions for Christ. During the first part of the campaign we were the happy guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs at their lovely place.

Friday, Saturday, and Sunday were spent at the home of Mr. Fountain, whose organising ability had been the mainstay of the campaign. Sunday morning service in Knox Presbyterian Church was a blessed time. The minister, Rev. T. W. Armour, a sturdy Scotsman, had been praying for my ministry for some time. In the evening, I had the same pleasure of ministering the Word, this time over the radio broadcast programme and to a parade of Orangemen. Both services attracted good congregations. The same afternoon, at four-thirty, Mr. Armour was chairman of a meeting I addressed, which was arranged

jointly by the Evangelical Union and the Student Christian Movement. I was tired physically: the meeting tended to go off at a tangent: and there were several obstructionists present: nevertheless, we had blessing from the Lord.

Sunday's two biggest meetings were the afternoon and evening meetings in the Civic Theatre (the equivalent of a Town Hall) arranged for 3 p.m. and 8.15 p.m. respectively. The first meeting drew about 1,500, and the second over 2,000. The second was my farewell to Christchurch, and all denominations took part. Several hundred people were compelled to stand, and the back of the stage was used to accommodate many more. There was definite blessing, evidenced by the Christians seeking revival, backsliders returning to God, and some decisions for Christ. Several were dealt with individually after the meeting.

On Monday night, we had an interdenominational gathering in Timaru, a hundred miles farther south. Timaru, besides being half-Romanist, has the reputation of being very cold in spiritual things, most evangelists complaining of lack of results there. We had a full meeting. Mr. Martin, the organiser, was chairman, with a platform of noted leaders. It was a great pleasure to meet once again Rev. H. S. Conway, the New Zealand Secretary of the China Inland Mission. He had done valuable work in preparing the ground, having preached on revival at the previous Sunday services. I was amused to hear him describe me as a by-product of the C.I.M.

"That's right," said I. "The C.I.M. is largely to blame. I'm sort of unofficially C.I.M. everywhere I go."

I thank God, every time I remember, for the influence of that wonderful fellowship of saints engaged in the evangelisation of China.

Revival came to that meeting likewise. At the end of the address, the atmosphere of conviction was so supercharged, that we got to prayer. A well known Christian stood up to confess need of blessing. He seemed so full of feeling that he was incapable of speech . . . there was silence as he waited there. That very silence was used of God to convict others. They followed with confessions of sin, failure, criticism, and the like. There were also those who sought restoration from backsliding, and salvation. The meeting lasted until a late hour. No one seemed eager to go home. We dealt with individuals.

Mr. Frank Martin, describing the Timaru meeting, wrote:

"Many in the little town of Timaru will have good reason to remember the visit of Edwin Orr. On the previous Sunday, Mr. Conway of the C.I.M. spoke with marked power on *revival*. At the close of this meeting, it was suggested that those who desired revival should rise at 6.30 a.m. Monday morning. Some of these prayer meetings began at 5.30. . . . After Mr. Orr spoke on Monday evening, many there confessed all manner of sin, with tears in their eyes. From this point Mr. Orr insisted that confession automatically brought God's bountiful forgiveness, and as this truth dawned on the troubled confessors, sorrow gave place to gladness. . . ."

Tuesday 28th April, 1936. "Arrived at four-eighteen in Dunedin. A group of ministers and leaders had come down to welcome our arrival. Parked in a hotel: engulfed some proteins and carbohydrates. Heavy programme ahead."

A slip is on my file with the details:

"An invitation to hear Mr. J. Edwin Orr. . . . Meetings:
 Tuesday at 7.30 p.m.: Mornington Baptist Church.
 Wednesday " " St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church.
 Thursday " " Hanover Street Baptist Church.
 Saturday " " Salvation Army Citadel.
 Sunday at 11 a.m. " Trinity Methodist Church.
 3 p.m. and 8 p.m. " Concert Chamber, Town Hall."
 There were six smaller meetings as well.

From the *Otago Daily Times*:

"The first of a series of addresses to be delivered in Dunedin by Mr. J. Edwin Orr . . . was given last night in Mornington Baptist Church. . . . The church was not large enough to accommodate the large gathering, and many people were unable to gain admittance. Pastor Trevor Gibbs presided, and after conducting brief devotional exercises, introduced the speaker."

It was a remarkable meeting. The place was packed out. We had rapt attention from the commencement of the service. When those who were unable to remain for an after-meeting were asked to leave, no one moved. There was the pre-revival atmosphere of conviction.

"From your earliest memories, you have been singing 'Showers of blessing we need; mercy drops round us are falling, but for the showers we plead.' What hopeless inconsistency. Whose fault is it that the showers have not come? Is it God's fault? I'll tell you what is wrong."

They listened while Psalm 78 was read.

"Nevertheless they did flatter Him with their mouth and they lied unto Him with their tongues. For their heart was not right with Him. . . ."

For ten minutes, those people were pleaded with . . . but no response. They were shown that confession secured forgiveness . . . but no one responded. The leaders were urged to get right with God first . . . nothing happened. A painful silence ensued. Then a lady rose to her feet and asked prayer for deliverance from besetting sin. A long silence followed. Then another woman stood up and said:

"Pray for me. I have been quenching the Holy Spirit."

"And the same Holy Spirit," I replied, "tells me that there are some here with me on the platform quenching the Spirit likewise."

Then we heard the voice of a pastor from the platform:

"O Lord, if I am guilty of quenching the Spirit—and the doubt proves to me that I am"—a prayer of confession followed. The break came. Scores of people stood to their feet, confessing sins of prayerlessness, unbelief, criticism, and similar hindrances. Blessing followed. Between the singing of prayers for blessing, sobbing and crying could be heard. A third after-meeting was held. Local revival had begun. Quite half a dozen sought salvation.

On Wednesday, I had the great pleasure of a talk with 'Blind' Andrew Johnston and his companion Murray Fountain. This blind evangelist has been mightily used of God in these parts. He had come to see me specially about the subject of revival, and I was delighted to hear that all over the South there were being formed prayer circles for an awakening. That afternoon, I spoke to a company of ladies in the Baptist Church: at 6 p.m., in the Otago University: at 7.30 p.m., in the overcrowded St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church. The service there concluded with a deep, intense prayer meeting, in which many including the minister (Rev. T. Miller), prayed earnestly and personally for revival. The service was full of expectancy and preparation for blessing was made.

It appears that Revival has been a feature of all Andrew Johnston's activities since that happy time of fellowship when he told me of his desire for more revival in his own soul. *The Reaper* of May 28th declares that: "One correspondent who happened to be passing through Clinton called in for one service. He said that he could only sit and weep as he saw so

many anxious souls crowding into the inquiry room. The power of God fell on the place—souls were saved each night after the first break." Under the heading *Invercargill*, the same paper says: "There was a wonderful atmosphere throughout the gathering, and a great expectation was manifest. Mr. Andrew Johnston took as his subject 'The Need, the Hindrances, and the Possibilities of Revival.' Prayer groups are springing up spontaneously throughout Southland."

On Thursday morning I had an hour's discussion with some students from Selwyn and Knox Colleges. Then, at 1 p.m., came the most hopeful meeting of the visit. A luncheon was arranged jointly by the Bible League and the Council of Religious Congregations. Seventy people turned up—representing all shades of theological opinion, there being modernists and fundamentalists present. Some were Anglican clergy some were Baptist ministers and deacons, some were Presbyterian elders, some Brethren oversight. I felt great liberty in speaking—they were well aware of my doctrinal standing, so I concentrated on the spiritual message, stressing the hindrances among Christian workers—lack of devotional reading, prayerlessness, criticism, jealousy, evil speaking, lack of love, and the unbelief of the modernist (who calls it intellectual difficulty) and the unbelief of the evangelical (who pays lipservice to the Word yet obtains no real revival). They listened for an hour. Many of the laymen had to go back to business at two-thirty: but the ministers and some others immediately decided to wait upon God for revival there and then. The welcome atmosphere of revival permeated the room: the prayers were remarkably unprofessional and broken: there were confessions of failure and shortcoming and sin: one man broke down completely. Knowing the great reticence of Christian leaders, I greatly rejoiced to hear them humble themselves before God. Revival began in that prayer meeting. The ministers decided to meet each week for *prayer* for revival after that.

I hope that no critic will frown on this mixed meeting of those who give unqualified allegiance to the Word of God and those who have been taught to give a qualified acceptance of the Scriptures. I am an evangelical, a fundamentalist. But I am being more and more convinced that the intellectual unbelief of some liberals can be cured only by an appeal for a life of prayer, of devotion to the Word of God, of love, and of faith. When revival comes to a liberal preacher, his doubts

disappear, and he preaches reality. Many modernists are already convinced of the bankruptcy of liberal thought in the spiritual realm—they yearn for something deeper. But will denunciations help them?—rather it hardens their unbelief when they know that those who *denounce* are on a sub-normal spiritual plane like themselves. Revival and revival alone can convince them of the value of a fundamentalism whose prime fundamental is *love*. At this meeting, the fundamentalists cried to God for a baptism of love and power, and they themselves rejoiced to hear modernists confess unbelief and prayerlessness.

Local revival broke out in Hanover Street that night. It began when the hindrances were confessed publicly. As usual, the church was filled: and some unconverted decided for Christ. Revival also came to the Salvation Army Citadel on Saturday night. In making the appeal, I urged those who were in uniform to get right with God first. Soon we had a dozen earnest Christians at the penitent form: they confessed their sin and need: yet all the while, I felt the stubbornness of others. The Baptist pastor stood up and told of his revival of heart: so did others. And yet I was oppressed by the sense of resistance somewhere. I pleaded with them not to hold up the meeting.

"All right," I said at last, "let us bow our heads in prayer. I am going to ask the Lord to tell me what is wrong, and I am going to point you out."

Several people were praying audibly. A sense of uneasiness prevailed.

"Now," said I. "There is secret sin among some of the men here on my right. Will you confess it now?"

Several immediately confessed sin, some coming to the penitent form. People all over the audience began to confess . . . all sorts of things. Then I told them:

"I feel that there is a soldier here who has broken his army vows and is smoking on the quiet. He is on my right. Will he confess?"

There was no response.

"I also feel that there is hindrance among some of these young women on the left. Will they get right with God?"

There was no response . . . only a painful silence.

"I will ask again. Will the soldier who has broken his army vows and is smoking on the quiet, please raise his hand?"

A bandsman on my right raised his hand and took it down again quickly. So I crossed over to the place where the young women were seated with bowed heads.

"Will you not give in? I know that some of you are out of touch with God."

They kept their heads bowed. I felt that they missed all the blessing.

When all the hindrances were confessed, revival came to waiting hearts. A wave of praise swept over the meeting.

"Praise God," cried one man. "I have got peace."

Others testified. Then a girl said:

"And I have got joy."

The whole company burst into "I've got the joy, joy, joy, joy, down in my heart . . . glory to His name."

Before the meeting closed at a late hour, ten made their decision for Christ. The officer was jubilant—he had been praying for revival all along.

And so we went to bed on Saturday night, greatly encouraged. On Sunday morning, I spoke at the Y.M.C.A. at 10 a.m., and at Trinity Methodist Church at 11 a.m. The minister of this church had received revival himself: and he was inviting his people to meet for prayer for revival in the church. At 3 p.m., a large crowd came to the spacious Concert Chamber of the Town Hall. The Hall seats 1,000, but extra chairs were brought in, and scores of people stood. About 1,200 were there, of whom fully two thirds made a public declaration of need of revival. A dozen decided for Christ. All day I had been burdened for conversions, and at my hotel, a gentleman sought me out, explained his difficulties and aspirations, and finally accepted Christ as Saviour. He had been to a liberal church in the morning, had asked the minister to give him spiritual help, but was told, "That's all right, old man. You'll be all right after a bit." Now he was so satisfied that he phoned his wife two hundred miles away. The son of one of the ministers was converted likewise that afternoon.

The closing meeting of the Dunedin campaign was one long to be remembered. The organisers, in view of the overpacked afternoon meeting, got the large Hall ready for the crowds. The service was timed to start at 8 p.m., immediately after the evening services. As I left my hotel, I was pleased to see people hurrying in the direction of the Town Hall. Another pleasant thrill came when the "good ol' Army" band, with the corps

marching in step, played its way along the main street aided by torchlight. When we arrived at the Hall, it was pleasant to find a strong platform of ministers and leaders waiting. The band played the music. A crowd, estimated at 2,000 by the caretakers, filled the capacious downstairs and the circle. A warm spiritual atmosphere prevailed, and I was enabled to preach (on "He shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied") with great liberty. When the appeal was made, almost every Christian present confessed the need of revival, and at the end, half a dozen decided for Christ. Sherriff and I, and the organisers, felt humbly grateful to God. Dunedin Christians were stirred, and the results are in God's hand. The prayer of one of the leading ministers present was passionate in its intensity and childlike in its simplicity.

Sherriff and I visited Invercargill on the Friday. We had a meeting which was well-attended despite a raging southerly storm. Confessions were made, and a dozen decided for Christ. On Saturday, we were the guests of the ministers of Gore. An afternoon meeting, with ten times the attendance one anticipated, resulted in the beginnings of revival.

We motored to Bluff, the southerly point of the South Island. This was the nearest approach to the South Pole during this world tour. Bluff reached, we went North again.

CHAPTER FOUR

NORTH, WITH CONTINUED BLESSING

THE New Zealand Colonial has a world-wide reputation for frankness. He abhors polite deceit, and is more likely to tell you what he thinks than what you would like to hear if you are conceited. I enjoyed this, and here is one story against myself to illustrate the point.

A South Islander, meaning to explain my ministry by the verse, "the weak things . . . confound the mighty," determined to use his maximum of tact.

"You know, brother," he informed me, "it must be a real help and advantage to you in your ministry that people are so disappointed when they see you."

"Well, ah—" I began. He interrupted me. He seemed a little bit confused, and apparently desired to express himself more tactfully still.

"What I mean, Mr. Orr, is—if you understand—when people see you for the first time they realise that *only the Lord could use you*. You begin at zero."

It amused me hugely—all the more because of its degree of truth. But it took a New Zealander to express the thought in such a discreet way. I recall a similar episode. My hearing is acute, and I overheard the conversation of two ladies sitting in a front seat.

"Look. That's Edwin Orr sitting beside the chairman."

"Where? Don't see him."

"Look *there*. On the chairman's right. D'ye see?"

"No. I can't. *Where?*"

I pretended not to notice the finger levelled at me.

"Look. *There*."

"Eh? *Him?* Surely not. *My word*."

"But how are you going to get there, man?" persisted Sherriff. "There is no train between six and—"

"I am going to let the devil do the worrying," I replied.

"Yes, I know. But I am the one that the worrying comes to in the long run. I make the—ha, ha, ha!"

He laughed suddenly as he saw the funny side of it. He got his own back later when I made some enquiry about transport.

"I'm letting the devil do the worrying," he retorted. "I'm not going to share the worry with him any more."

We called at Christchurch on the way from Dunedin. The next part of the journey was by air, and thereby hangs a tale. In the last chapter, I described how a cancelled plane trip prevented my appearance there. The organisers of the meeting asked if I would come again—I suggested a later date, but it was unsuitable because of the visit of Dr. Rolls. Under no circumstances would I have arranged any meeting to clash with Dr. Rolls' programme, so I wrote and said that it was therefore impossible for me to visit Nelson. However, when we were still in Southland, Sherriff remarked to me:

"The Christchurch Committee, I hear, have booked two tickets through to Nelson by plane."

"You had better get them to cancel it."

"They'll lose ten per cent."

"Then the only thing to do is to go *via* Nelson, and see Dr. Rolls *en route*. But we won't tell anyone so that it will not be said that we are looking for meetings."

Ten minutes later we got a wire from Dunedin informing us that Nelson had heard it rumoured that I was coming, "please confirm." I turned to Sherriff.

"I say. Can they read our thoughts at four hundred miles distance?"

I sent a wire to Nelson, stating that I was not going to have meetings, but that I was considering paying a visit to Dr. Rolls. Upon arrival in Nelson, I found that an after-meeting was announced to follow Dr. Rolls's lecture. An employee of the Air Company had told some folks about the booked passage. And so, it was good to see Dr. Rolls again, the last opportunity before leaving New Zealand. There was a good meeting (of many hundreds of earnest people) which closed at ten-thirty. But I felt that blessing was being hindered because of bad feeling between some evangelical leaders. One of my North Island friends was greatly relieved upon hearing that I had,

after all, visited Nelson, "for," said he, "an enemy was making most of your non-appearance the first time."

Mr. Sherriff stayed with friends at Blenheim and flew to Wellington next day, joining me again in Auckland. I sent a wire to Rev. Raymond Simpson to tell him that I would fly to Palmerston North. So, after five hundred miles' flight, I arrived at Simpsons' for lunch. Mrs. Simpson suggested that I should take an hour's sleep. When I awakened, Mr. Simpson told me that he had just received a letter from me, posted in Dunedin. I had passed the mail twice.

The Tuesday meeting had been arranged in Wanganui, the beautiful little riverside city. Mr. Nicholls, the Baptist minister, chaired the meeting. Something unusual happened in the service. In the middle of my address, I referred in strong terms to the sin of criticism. A college girl immediately jumped to her feet, and, interrupting me, confessed that this was her besetting sin. A couple of others followed her. As I had made no appeal, this interruption was used to rebuke the people. By the time I had to leave, at ten o'clock, revival signs were evident. Later on, Rev. Ernest Nicholls, the chairman, wrote to me to say: "I am sorry you had to leave, but *the revival is going on*. There was quite a 'clean up' in our city the next day. Debts were paid; quarrels were made up; and a great spirit of prayer and expectancy is abroad. Some of us are meeting for prayer. . . ."

Friends motored me over to Marton, where I caught the Limited to Frankton Junction. At Hamilton, I stayed with Rev. G. C. Reay, whom I had met twice previously. Here is the report from the Secretary of the Hamilton Ministers' Association:

"For a long time, there has been in Hamilton a longing for revival amongst those who felt the responsibility of the Church towards the lost. The encroachments of worldliness, carelessness, and a 'liberal' theology in some of the churches of New Zealand have been a cause for concern.

"The visit of Edwin Orr to the Ngaruawahia Convention and Pukekohe Camp (where many Hamilton folk were in attendance) had the effect of greatly heartening and reviving those who were ready for the message. The news of Mr. Orr's visit was welcomed as an answer to prayer. The Rev. G. C. Reay had arranged for a meeting in the Baptist Church, but several of the ministers of the town proposed that the visit should be under the auspices of the

Ministers' Association: accordingly, it was taken over, and they engaged the largest hall available. One evangelist telephoned that over a hundred were coming from the Morrinsville district, many miles away, saying that 'the Waikato was seething with the expectancy of revival.' This could be said of other scattered districts. When the meeting time arrived, 1,000 persons filled the hall, the entrance, and a small area at the front where a loud speaker was installed. (People sat in their cars outside as it was raining.)

"After prayer and welcome, the meeting was in the hands of Mr. Orr, whose surprising versatility was manifest in the very skilful way he captured the crowd and held their attention for nearly three hours. Perhaps it would be better to say it was the Spirit of God quieting, subduing, searching, and speaking intimately to every heart. Interest, concern and joy were written successively on many faces as processes of curiosity, conviction of sin, and deliverance were registered. From all over the hall there were confessions of backsliding and failure, and many were the victories gained. Everything seemed to fit in: the delightful choruses, prayers, the talk, the testimonies. There was no excitement, nor were we carried away with uncontrolled enthusiasm or 'mob psychology.' Mr. Orr's message is consistent with the way God has always moved when revivals have come. There is manifest in this movement that singular *shock*—the Divine impact upon unbelief, and sin, and excused evil in Christians, laying bare the hypocrisy of a Christian life lived out of line with the will of God. Some opposers were completely changed. There have since been many expressions of the hope of revival, and thought is being taken for a mid-day prayer meeting for revival."

During the meeting, when ministers were confessing their failures, I urged them to repeat their confession before their own people next regular service. A report in *The Reaper* reveals an interesting sequel in one case out of many: "*Hamilton*.—On the Sunday evening after J. Edwin Orr's visit, the Baptist Church, of which Rev. G. C. Reay is pastor, was crowded when three young men testified. The power of God fell on the gathering, and in a sovereign way the Holy Spirit began to work. Thirteen souls were saved, and a large number of Christians were either restored or fully surrendered their lives to Christ."

From the *New Zealand Herald*:
"Evangelist Learns Maori."

"When addressing an audience of 1,000 people in Hamilton this week, Mr. Edwin Orr, the Irish evangelist, asked how many

present could speak Maori. One solitary hand went up. Mr. Orr said he had been in New Zealand for only three weeks and had learned all the Maori he could. He demonstrated his linguistic ability by singing a song in Maori. Mr. Orr remarked that the Maori language was a most beautiful one, and the Maoris were the finest of the so-called native races he had met. He expressed regret that more New Zealand *pakehas* had not made themselves familiar with the language."

From Hamilton, I travelled by car through Cambridge to Rotorua. Rotorua, as everyone ought to know, is the thermal wonderland of the world. I was shown geysers of boiling water, holes of boiling mud, deep cold springs, medicinal baths and all the rest of it. It is possible to catch a trout in the stream and to cook it in boiling water a yard away. At the little Maori town of Ohinemutu, I had several pleasant surprises. While I was gazing at the unusual sight of kettles being set to boil outside, several Maori schoolgirls in gymfrocks rushed up, and told me with their liquid accent, how pleased they were to see me. Then I recognised them as the girls who had taught me to sing Maori at Ngaruawahia.

"E korero Maori ana koe?" I asked. They were delighted. As a special favour, they donned grass skirts, and performed, for my benefit, the *haka* and other very picturesque dances. Most of these girls are bright Christians. I met a young Maori friend of theirs, who had given his heart to the Lord at Ngaruawahia. My Maori friends made the most of telling their own people of my interest in them, and as a consequence, there was a gratifying number of Maoris in the meeting. I sang Maori for them, and they sang a German chorus which I had taught them at Ngaruawahia. This fairly amazed me: but upon consideration, I decided that the good Maori memories are due to training since the days when there was no written language.

According to local report, the evening meeting was the largest and most representative for many years. Mr. Hunt, whose hospitality I had enjoyed, reported:

"Following the Ngaruawahia Easter Convention, a number of Christians who had received blessing united in prayer for revival in Rotorua. The result of these meetings was that Mr. Orr came to the Lyric Theatre, which was engaged and well-filled. Loud-speakers were placed outside, and a constable on duty declared,

'If we had more of these meetings in Rotorua, we could abolish the police force.' Before long, the meeting took a peculiar turn, and Mr. Orr made an appeal to the unsaved before appealing to Christians. Some twenty-four were converted and some others remained behind to be dealt with. Christians were broken down, sins were confessed, and God gave peace and joy in hearts where sin previously had held dominion."

The significance of this meeting was impressed upon me by many friends. Rotorua is a 'spa' city and holiday resort. This type seldom enjoys deep spiritual life. Everyone lives on the tourists, the main industry. Meetings are poorly attended, and the godlessness of the ordinary people is equalled by the apathy of those who are religious. Rotorua has not got a great reputation in spiritual things, so the fact that a beginning has been made has heartened the praying minority. An Anglican clergyman, and a Methodist minister, and a Presbyterian minister all told me that they had been stirred by the suggestion thrown out—a united prayer meeting for revival. The Baptists, Brethren, and Salvation Army were likewise enthusiastic.

By service car, I left Rotorua and reached Auckland *via* Hamilton. In the meantime, correspondence was mounting up until it reached the figure of forty letters in one day. These letters were generally from people who had been blessed by the Lord in the various meetings: some contained requests for prayer: others were invitations to hold campaigns in various towns: some had no point at all in them. Among the interesting ones, I found much for which to thank God:

From an address in North Island:

"I feel compelled to write this short note, in order that we may rejoice together over what the Lord has done for me.

"I was converted three years ago. . . . Twelve months ago, however, I gave false witness in an accident case in Court. Immediately, my joy in the Lord disappeared, and I saw no fruit for my service. Time and time again, the Holy Spirit put His finger on this thing, and I knew that I would have to confess and put it right—but alas, the cost was too great. It meant the restoration of over £80, with six months in gaol: and I would not pay the price.

"At Ngaruawahia, in that little meeting on Friday evening, after deep conviction of the Holy Spirit, I decided by His Grace to face up to the consequences and put things right. So I went to see the manager of the company. At first, things looked very black. I called several times. The outlook did not seem to improve. But

finally I was told 'after talking it over with the solicitors concerned, we have decided to forget all about it.'

"Praise the Lord, it pays to get right with God.

"The manager asked me just why I had come to confess—I had a glorious opportunity for testimony, and I believe that the Spirit of God has laid conviction on his heart. Pray for him.

"Praise the Lord; Ngaruawahia and its revival results have (I believe) just begun."

This time a letter from the United States:

"Three Sundays ago I was preaching in a Presbyterian Church thirty miles from here. I spoke on Revival. At the end of the address I looked for the pastor to close the service: but instead he stood before his people and blamed himself for souls not being saved, confessing his prayerlessness. When he finished, a deacon sitting on the front seat stepped out, and, weeping on the shoulder of the pastor, told the people that he had been standing in the way of those who needed salvation—would they pray that he might be revived? After the pastor had prayed, the treasurer of the church came forward and confessed his need: others did the same. We sang a hymn: then an unsaved man came forward, accepted Christ, and gave his testimony before the church. During the next verse, another unsaved man came forward—a big, six-foot-four, rugged fellow—weeping as he told his need of Christ; and he accepted the Lord Jesus then and there. The whole congregation was in tears, and during the closing prayer, you could hear the people sobbing all over the house."

This local Revival is traceable to the little revival begun among the students of the University of Georgia (described in chapter 8 of *This is the Victory*). Professor Wrighton (the correspondent) little knows how much I was rebuked by his letter. I lacked his faith in the *little* Revival.

Another result of Ngaruawahia came to my notice by correspondence. At that time, a girl of about sixteen years came up to me and asked me to pray for her father who "did not believe in religion at all." I told her to write and give me further details, and I urged her to have faith in God's power to answer her prayer. Her letter told me that when she got home, she found her Christian mother on her knees with her unsaved

father. And after he had been led to Christ, he prayed for the conversion of his three boys.

I had another letter from the States, bringing good tidings. The first chapter of *This is the Victory* describes the times of refreshing in Seattle. Dr. N. A. Jepson, the chairman of the committee that organised those meetings, wrote:

"The work here continues unabated and God is blessing. James McGinlay of London, Ontario" (whom I met on the platform of that 10,000 gathering in Chicago) "was our last speaker and our final meeting was in the First Presbyterian Church with an overflow meeting. Many were turned aside. Not less than four thousand came that afternoon. . . . In Tacoma, there is an increase of interest; Portland" (where I had the opposition) "has not yet shown a real desire in the churches to get together for a union meeting. But God is able. . . ."

Here is another letter, this time from Wellington, from a boy of six:

"Dear Uncle Edwin,

How are you getting on now? I wish you would live in N.Z. Would you please send me some foreign stamps for my album? I pray for you every day. I won't forget. Every morning when we wake Ian and I sing your maori Prayer song. I am in std 1 now. We are going to get a New Teacher soon. Today it is wet. Write soon please. Love from Ralph. xx."

This correctly-spelled epistle was written by a little Christian who came and gave me what he called "money for God's work"—two pennies which he and his little orphan brother had done without as pocket-money.

Reports from Mr. J. O. Sanders continued to be very encouraging:

"Had a wonderful meeting at the Camp rally last night—800 came. It was almost as free and spontaneous as the camp itself. A man said yesterday that he could not praise God enough for what camp had meant to his son, who had spent most of a morning going round admitting wrongs done to people and now writing letters. An elder of one of the Baptist churches rang me to say that they had had a marvellous prayer meeting the night before.

It took charge of itself and they had difficulty in stopping it because of the exuberant joy of those who had been blessed . . . we had seven saved in the Roxy Theatre. . . ."

This gives a glimpse of the state of affairs in Auckland when we arrived there. Mr. Sherriff put up with friends: I stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Page whose hospitality is known to very many of God's servants. They and their friend, Miss Brain, were kindness personified.

The Scots Hall was the venue for the first meeting—on Friday evening. Long before the service, Sanders phoned me, "You'd better come now and we'll start the service early for the place is full already." There were definite results that night.

The Brethren then invited me to speak at a conference for young people. Extra chairs were brought in at their hall in Howe Street. Both the afternoon and evening meetings were of a Bible-reading nature, but revival began in the evening service, with consecrations, restorations and decisions. This later meeting lasted for over three hours. I was told that the following morning (Lord's Day) breaking of bread service was one of the closest approaches to heaven ever made there.

While it was going, it was my privilege to minister the Word in the great Baptist Tabernacle, Queen Street, seating 1,100 or so. Even the outside stairs were occupied. Dr. Hodge, the pastor, had already become a good friend of mine. I felt great liberty in preaching. The Baptist Tabernacle is one of the most strategic centres of the Southern Hemisphere.

At 2.45 p.m., a meeting was arranged for the Town Hall. Before that time, it was filled, with over 3,000 people present and many unable to get in. The splendid Salvation Army band led the praise. There was a most representative platform of ministers and leaders. This was a good omen for the final meeting.

The farewell public meeting was announced for 8.15 p.m., five minutes after the closing of the regular church services. By 6 o'clock, the place was filling up: before the time, it was filled. In the meantime, I took the pulpit of St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church.

The Town Hall, seating 3,300, was filled over capacity. Mr. Robert A. Laidlaw, the well-known Christian business man whose writings are so widely appreciated (one pamphlet "The Reason Why" is in its seventh million), acted as chairman. I spoke on the Cross of Christ, a theme which has always brought

blessing. There was a significant hush all during the meeting. I felt utterly tired (10,000 people in four meetings) so I arranged beforehand for Mr. Laidlaw to take the closing five minutes in helping me with the appeal. There were fifty decisions for Christ, forty being dealt with in the enquiry rooms. One of my cousins was among the number who found the Saviour. While a specially arranged tramway service was taking the huge crowd homeward at 10 o'clock, scores of workers and seekers were on their knees together.

Mr. Laidlaw took me in a vestry room, closed the door, and said:

"Now, Edwin, let's kneel down and thank God together for this harvest of souls."

We did so. And we meant it.

Before leaving New Zealand, I spoke at a Ministers' meeting at which there was revival. Monday evening took me to a nice gathering of students in the Auckland University. Tuesday morning brought a last appointment, speaking to the students in the B.T.I.

I had much to thank God for in this New Zealand campaign. When I arrived, only one engagement had been made. Rev. A. S. Wilson's cablegram to *The Christian* summed it up well:

"Orr's wonderful five weeks' tour of 100 meetings culminated in twice packing Auckland Town Hall with 3,000 on Sunday. Thousands New Zealand Christians revived, backsliders restored, over 400 public decisions. Impressive ministers' and leaders' gatherings Christchurch Dunedin and Auckland with decided foretastes of far reaching awakening. Country prayer groups multiplying spontaneously. Tour creating invaluable revival expectancy and responsibility. Rising tide of blessing. Orr sailing Sydney to-morrow Tuesday—Wilson."

A month later, *The Reaper* reported that:

"Tidings of blessing come from various parts of the city, and a spirit of expectancy prevails. On the evening of the 22nd, the Institute students had the joy of seeing no fewer than thirteen souls accept Christ as Saviour. Some were saved before the student body went out into the open-air service, some were saved at the service, and others after the service."

From start to finish, the success of the tour was due to the blessing of God alone. To Him be all the praise!

Mr. Sherriff and I travelled three thousand miles apiece in five weeks. We visited nearly all the main centres. The largest halls were often packed out. There was revival in many places. The tour took us as far south as Bluff, and from Auckland to Southland, we heard the same significant report—*almost every camp, convention, and meeting had experienced an unusual degree of revival blessing at Easter*. Ngaruawahia seemed to be the centre of this spiritual anticyclone of Divine blessing which spread all over the Dominion.

A word of thanks is due to many of the Lord's saints. First and foremost my gratitude is given to Ossie Sanders for his friendly fellowship, practical common sense, and organising genius. I could mention many other friends—Rev. A. S. Wilson, Mr. Laidlaw, Dr. Pettit, Mr. Page, Dr. Hodge, Rev. John Bisset, Dr. Rolls, all in Auckland. I must avoid giving a list of the others in case I leave out somebody meant to be included. Jack Sherriff's comradeship was a great help—it was with great regret that I said good-bye to him at Auckland. His assistance had been promised and accepted temporarily—and it was with mutual interest and goodwill that he started into commercial life once more. I knew that I would miss his good companionship: he was upset at the thought of parting; but we felt that the move was for his best interest, so we grinned and bore it. If ever there was a David and Jonathan friendship, it was (and is) ours.

My health kept up remarkably well throughout the campaign. I was tired when it finished—who would not have been? A medical friend tried his utmost to persuade me to cancel the Australian tour. I said no.

New Zealand is one of the most beautiful countries I have ever visited. It is a land of verdant green, second only (in my mind) to the Emerald Isle—Ireland. What amazes the intelligent visitor is the variety packed within such small bounds. In crossing Canada from East to West, 3,000 miles, one is not surprised to encounter mountains nearly 20,000 feet—but it is only 100 miles from east to west across the South Island of New Zealand, and yet the Southern Alps rise to a climax in Mount Cook, 12,349 feet. The Dominion possesses the Thermal Wonderland of the world, amazing caves, beautiful plains such as Canterbury, farmlands like the lovely Waikato, magnificent harbours, progressive cities.

The isolation of New Zealand is a fact which must be impressed upon the reader. It is 1,200 miles from Australia—

that is about as far as Africa is away from England. New Zealanders resent being called Australasians—many London commercial firms lose business by trying to manage their agencies from Sydney or Melbourne. New Zealand is three and a half days' voyage from Sydney: sixteen days from San Francisco: eighteen days from Vancouver: twenty days from Panama: five weeks from London.

The climate is delightful, without extremes of heat or cold. North Island has a climate like the South of France: South Island is like the South of England. There is an average of over six hours' sunshine per day all the year round. There is an abundant rainfall. It is a temperate paradise.

Abel Tasman discovered the Islands in 1642: Captain Cook made his first visit in 1769: the first settlement of Britishers was in 1840. The land had already been settled by groups of Maori. I consider the Maori the highest product of the so-called native races. Musical, artistic, poetic, fond of fighting, chivalrous—the Maori is superb. During the Maori Wars, the Maoris had as clean, if not cleaner, record than their enemies. It is recorded that one Maori chief, besieging a British stockade, heard that his white enemies had run out of ammunition and provisions. He voluntarily raised the siege until the commandant was able to get them—the Maori thought it unfair to take the advantage. The natives have been living in peace with the *pakehas* (white men) for two generations. The New Zealander is proud of the Maori. A group of American seamen once insulted the Maori folk by calling them 'niggers'—the New Zealanders saw red, and a free fight ensued. Although there is little or no inter-marriage, the white New Zealander has no colour prejudice. There are 71,000 Maori in the Dominion.

The white population of the Dominion is one and a half million, 98 per cent being of British stock. New Zealand is most intensely British. The largest cities are Auckland (221,000), Wellington (146,000), Christchurch (131,000), Dunedin (89,000), Wanganui (28,000), Invercargill (25,000), and Palmerston North (24,000). New Zealand claims to be the second wealthiest country in the world per head of population—each individual averaging £700. The main industries are primary. The Dominion has the lowest death rate in the world, and it is certainly a very healthy place in which to live. New Zealanders are friendly and hospitable. They dislike snobbery. They prefer frankness. In every way, they are progressive—

but their progress is tempered by a conservatism inherited from Britain.

Religiously, the people of the Dominion are above the usual standard of the English-speaking world. They have never yet experienced a national revival of the type of the Welsh Revival—it may be on its way now. Conservative and reliable opinion informs me that the Dominion is nearer a widespread awakening than at any time in its previous history. I agree with that opinion—and the cross-section of religious life put before my eyes confirms it. The most significant thing of all is the movement towards revival among the ministers and leaders. Revival is starting in the beautiful Britain of the South.

A month later, in Australia, it does my heart good to read (in *The Reaper*, which is following the work with special news) that "Heartening news of local revivals reaches us from various parts of the Dominion, deepening the conviction that God is graciously preparing for widespread blessing. All over the Dominion, small groups are meeting for prayer for one thing—Revival, and the drops are falling. Let us bestir ourselves and ask for floods."

A letter from an observant friend two months later stated: "New Zealand is certainly sitting up these days. There are articles and letters daily in the Press concerning Revival. The ministers who take the daily devotional session over the radio programme seem imbued with the spirit of Revival," then followed details of local blessing.

Quite a party of friends saw me off on the *Niagara*. They sang, and shouted farewells, waved handkerchiefs, and threw streamers. And so I said Good-bye. When the ship was out at sea, I received a radio message from Auckland: "*Rimmers tent meeting gathered to-night send farewell greeting thanking and praying.*" Blessing has continued week after week in that place where revival began.

On Tuesday night, the 12th May, we passed North Cape.

CHAPTER FIVE

BLESSING IN NEW SOUTH WALES

THE voyage across the Tasman Sea was comparatively uneventful. Remembering Dr. Pettit's advice, I slept as much as I could, proving well that sleep is the cure for nervous strain. On the third day, many passengers were sick: but I felt that I was just beginning to enjoy the voyage. I ate 'like a horse,' going through the menu twice over on certain occasions. There was plenty of exercise, too: my tennis partner and I got into the finals of the deck tennis championship: we were knocked out after an exciting game.

There was spiritual exercise as well: a pleasant-spoken Jew from Scotland struck up acquaintance: we paraded the decks together, and all the while our conversation was on *conversion*. I feel that some work was done. I gave him a nice little Pocket Testament, which he was well-pleased to accept. On the *Niagara*, one of my fellow-passengers was Canon Pilcher, on his way to Sydney to be made Bishop-Coadjutor of Sydney. Canon Pilcher and I had many long conversations: I was glad to find one of strong evangelical convictions and friendly spirit on board.

Mr. William ("Cairo") Bradley met me at the quayside, and welcomed me on behalf of the Sydney Committee of ten ministers and eleven laymen, Mr. G. E. Ardill, M.B.E., J.P., being the hon. organiser. This committee has already been identified with well-known evangelists visiting Australia. I stayed with Mr. Bradley, himself a genial Belfastman whose name was already well-grounded into my mind as one of the founders of the Egypt General Mission.

The first meeting was a gathering of sixty men, all there by special invitation. Revival came to that meeting much in the same way as in New Zealand—many were broken down, confessed sin, sought for forgiveness, and received revival individually and publicly. The confessions included deceit, prayerlessness, impurity, criticism—public admissions of quarrels

being made. When all the hindrances were confessed, revival came: and a long time was spent in praising God. This was a key meeting—of doctors, lawyers, ministers, and other professional and commercial men from every walk in Sydney business life. They were all, or nearly all, Christian workers. A prominent Evangelical described the revival within those four walls as something he had "not seen within forty years."

On Sunday morning, it was my privilege to speak at an overcrowded service in Stanmore Baptist Church. Rev. C. J. Tinsley, the pastor, has the unique record of being the founder, builder, and pastor, for thirty-two years, of this, one of the finest churches of spiritual standing in Sydney. Just recently, he completed three years as President-General of the Baptist Union of Australia. I had heard of this man of God before, so I knew what type of church I had come to visit. But I reminded myself that a church with a splendid background was ripe for further revival: an extraordinary breaking down was evident. Scores publicly confessed sin, backsliders were restored, and there was evidence of conversion of several people. It was an answer to prayer.

There was a Sunday afternoon service in the Salvation Army Congress Hall which was nicely attended. The Sunday evening service was in the well-known Anglican Church of St. Barnabas. Canon R. B. S. Hammond, the rector, is a staunch evangelical known all over 'down under.' The church was filled to the doors. On the following day, a well-known Sydney business man told me that he had been so rebuked by the Spirit in that service that he had gone to the management of another firm and confessed having done an underhand trick to their disadvantage.

On Monday morning, a strange thing happened. There was to be a meeting of welcome in Wesley Chapel, and I was told that several representative ministers would speak a word of greeting, and their guest would reply. I prayed for something different. One hundred ministers and leaders attended, the majority wearing the garb of their profession. Mr. Ardill was in the chair. Archdeacon Charlton, deputising for His Grace the Archbishop of Sydney; Rev. S. T. Knight, representing the Presbyterian Moderator; Rev. Colin Thomas, President of the Methodist Conference of N.S.W.; Rev. A. Driver, President of the N.S.W. Baptist Union; Pastor Wheatley, Churches of

Christ; Colonel Orr, Salvation army; and a well-known Brethren Overseer—all gave a cordial welcome to Sydney.

As I began to speak, I noticed a pleasant-looking and deeply-spiritual-looking gentleman, dressed in a light tweed suit—I was sure that I must have known him, so I made up my mind to see him afterwards. In the meantime, after a few 'Irish' remarks, I addressed the ministers on "The Third Approach to Evangelism." Explaining that the first approach was pastoral evangelism, and the second way the method of inviting a missionary for a campaign, I urged the third way—that of having revival among dead church members, letting God the Holy Spirit take care of the spiritual results. A challenge on the sins of servants of God was given—pride, prayerlessness, jealousy, criticism, cynical unbelief, debt, worldliness, secret sin. The response was immediate. A minister jumped to his feet, and under the stress of deep feeling, confessed his sin. The Sword of the Spirit had cut deeply: the great majority of those present confessed their hindrance or their need: a score were in tears: intense, unprofessional prayers ascended: it was certainly a time of revival.

I was pleasantly surprised to see a report of this meeting in *The Methodist*, under the caption, "Beginning in the House of the Lord":

"... this young man of 24 years asked his audience of ministers a question: 'Do you really want a revival in Sydney?' By abundant Scriptural references, he reminded them that revival—life again and life abundant—was God's purpose for our city and the world; and the men whom God sought to use as His means to give spiritual life were the ministers of His Church. Very humbly and with great tenderness, but so frankly that none could evade the challenge, Mr. Orr called his hearers to confession and prayer. What followed is too sacred to unveil in detail; the tears of penitence, confession made by many in broken voice; sins of prayerlessness, of criticism, of pride, of place-seeking publicly confessed—and other sins. And life surrendered anew, and the promise claimed. Then Mr. Orr prophesied: 'If you men go to your work now in the power of the Holy Spirit, revival will come to the church in Sydney and spread throughout the State.' The meeting closed; what will the harvest be?"

(To quote Mr. Bradley, "A Methodist minister declared that he had seen nothing like that meeting for thirty-five years.") I was amazed at the results of the meeting. To see a hundred

ministers on their knees crying out to God was worth the visit to Australia.

The pleasant-looking man came up to introduce himself, and we had a great conversation on the question of practical revival. He had been stirred by the results of that meeting, and wanted to compare notes. It was Dr. Northcote Deck. We carried on our conversation at the luncheon given by the Sydney Committee: he sat beside me. I had prayed for Dr. Deck for over a year, but had never met him.

Canon Hammond is a leading light in the Businessmen's Bible Class held in Griffith's Tea Rooms, George Street. There was a record crowd of three hundred. After tea, although knowing well that time was short (6.40 till 7.20 p.m.), I felt that the same opportunities should be given them to have revival. The break came: scores publicly admitted hindrances: and quite a few decided for Christ.

The evening service was held in Burton Street Tabernacle, at 7.45. Extra chairs were brought in: the church was overcrowded. Times of refreshing came there in the same way: revival is the only word that one could use to describe what ensued. Souls were saved: praise ascended: and a total disregard of time was evident. Enquirers were dealt with at the end of the meeting. In this Baptist Church, Rev. G. H. Hercus is carrying on the good work done by the Rev. William Lamb, whom I had met in America.

Four meetings of this type in one day is a heavy programme. I was tired. Into the bargain, I had dictated answers to a hundred letters. Next morning, I very deliberately slept in. The first meeting on Tuesday was at the University, where a hundred students gathered. The meeting lasted for about an hour at noon. The Evangelical Union of the University of Sydney is a really splendid one, having members who are respected by their fellow-students for their academic and sporting records. I think it a good idea to show that Christians are not 'sissies.'

We motored twenty miles to Manly, a Sydney suburb across the harbour. The meeting began at 7.45 p.m., and extra seating accommodation had to be brought into the Methodist Church. The gathering was under the auspices of the Manly Ministers' Fraternal, with the co-operation of the Christian Endeavour. We sang heartily the Australian variation of the chorus which I had jotted down:

"Coming this way, yes,
 Coming this way:
 A mighty revival,
 Is coming this way.
 The Lord keeps His promise,
 And we've proved its worth—
 We're praying for blessing
 From Cape York to Perth."

Before the service had started, I heard the people singing: "We are waiting, and *expecting*, O revive the hearts of all." I asked them if they really *expected* revival to break out in Manly that night. I knew they did not—so I rebuked them in the name of the Lord for lipservice and unbelief. That was the beginning of things. When the break came, an unusual thing happened. As there was conviction in the meeting, confession was urged. A silence came over the people. Looking round, I noticed two young men on my right, and felt the urge of the Spirit "Speak to them." A wave of surprise spread over the faces of the people as I pointed two fingers at these two young men. "We'll begin with you two young men there. Has God the Holy Ghost been speaking to you?"

One jumped to his feet and said hurriedly:

"Yes, God has spoken to me. I want to confess the hindrance of criticism."

The other man stood up at the same time and followed with his confession. A profound impression was made. The utter silence could be felt. Several others confessed their need. I pointed out that someone was covering up secret sin. One of the two young men stood up the second time, this time admitting that he had not confessed a secret sin. Fear spread across the faces of many present—they seemed afraid of meeting one's glance. The break came. Hatred, jealousy, criticism, impurity, broken vows of prayer were confessed. A dozen knelt at the altar rail, several being in tears. Scores of others confessed sin and need; and thirty-nine people sought definite salvation, standing up to confess their need of Christ. The hour of misery and conviction was succeeded by a burst of praise. A lady said: "My heart is just *full* of joy and peace."

That meeting disregarded time. I understand that the Manly Christians are now meeting regularly for prayer for a sweeping revival in their seaside hometown.

Rev. James Mountain, the Congregational minister, wrote:

"For hundreds of people in Manly, May 19, 1936, will shine out for years to come as one of the brightest and happiest in their spiritual experience. Manly is not an easy place in which to gather big audiences to hear visiting evangelists, but on this occasion, with only a minimum of publicity effort but more prayer, the people packed the building as if led there by some unseen hand. Those of us who are leaders in the work here knew instinctively that the Holy Spirit was moving, even before Mr. Orr uttered a single word. Then as we listened to the soul-searching message, our hearts were seized with a holy expectancy. How can we write of what followed? Who can describe fire? That is what it was—the fire of a heaven-sent revival blazed in our hearts and in the meeting, as men and women all over the building publicly confessed sin and need—while thirty-six others (mostly young men and women) accepted Jesus Christ as their Saviour."

On Wednesday I went along to the world famous United Intercessory Service in the Sydney Town Hall, which Bishop Taylor Smith and others of note have declared to be one of the most impressive services ever attended. Mr. William Bradley was invited by a group of leaders to conduct a prayer meeting (some eleven years ago) and the present service is the outcome of that meeting. There are generally two messages delivered, one at 1.20 p.m. and another at 2.20 p.m., the rest of the time being occupied in presenting prayer and praise requests. The meeting is gaining world-wide fame in that cablegrams and requests for prayer have come from every part of the world. About 200 requests are handled each week, along with an average of 50 praise notes. In ten years, 100,000 written prayer requests have been dealt with. People are coming and going all through the dinner hour. The average attendance has kept up very well—300 to 400 people gathering each week. There is no jar to the spiritual atmosphere, the people slipping in and out quietly. The Prayer Meeting has been foster-mother to many other activities.

Mr. Bradley has been greatly used in this work, and one can only say that it is one of the extraordinary meetings of the world. Certain other famous prayer meetings have declined in strength, but this one goes on. Mr. Bradley announced that I would give the Lord's message at 1.20 p.m. By then, there were 1,000 people seated and over 200 standing. (An estimate from the hymn sheets worked out at 1,250.) The warm atmosphere of

spiritual power gave great liberty to the delivery of the message. It was a great meeting.

There were several decisions in the meeting held in St. John's Hall, Parramatta. Rev. J. H. Somerville, the president of the Ministers' Fraternal, was chairman, and the hall was crowded, chairs being brought in. Many Christians got right with God that night: backsliders returned to their first love: there was partial revival: yet withal there was a hardness in the meeting. I was told, afterwards, that one leader there had an open yet unconfessed sin. Whether this be true or not, I certainly became conscious of an obstacle. It is amazing to think that *the stubbornness of one puny human can thwart the purposes of God*. It is wonderful to think that God's patience is infinite. Revival is being sought by the Christians of Parramatta. It will come when all the tithes are in the storehouse.

At 1.20 p.m., Thursday, we had another meeting in the Evangelical Union at the Sydney University. The lecture-room was again filled. Real revival followed, scores being convicted of sin and hindrance to revival, and fifteen students openly sought salvation (some were backsliders). At 8 p.m., we went along to a Tent Mission run by the Brethren, Mr. Widdison being the evangelist. Again we had times of refreshing and some souls saved. The tent was filled to overflowing, and a couple of hundred people stood outside. On Friday morning, Mr. Bradley and Canon Hammond motored me out to Hammondville, a village run by unemployed, founded by the energetic rector. It is an amazingly successful place—I was deeply impressed. At noon, I spoke to a gathering of students in Moore Theological College, when invitations had been accepted by students of other denominational colleges. Again we had public admission of shortcoming, ending with the beautiful General Confession: "We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts—we have left undone those things which we ought to have done—Spare thou them, O God, which confess their faults." There having been individual confession, the words rang with deep meaning. Rev. T. C. Hammond, our old friend from Ireland, is principal of Moore College: and already his impress has been felt in religious circles in Sydney.

Friday night being the worst night of the week in Australia, we were nicely surprised to find 1,100 people in the Assembly

Hall, Margaret Street. Speaking on Evangelism, I found the atmosphere so ripe that I made a revival appeal. Hundreds responded. A dozen responded likewise to an appeal for decision for Christ. On Saturday afternoon, there was a gathering of Christian workers out at Nielsen Park: and in the evening, we had a Youth Rally supported by the New South Wales Christian Endeavour Union, the C.S.S.M., the Crusaders, and the (Anglican) League of Youth. Fourteen hundred people gathered, filling to capacity the Assembly Hall. There was a most impressive response. When urged to ask God for the filling of the Holy Spirit (that was the subject of the address) a thousand people got to their knees quietly: God did not deny them their petitions. A wave of joy swept the place afterwards: and unconverted people decided for Christ.

On Sunday morning, it was my privilege to preach in Ashfield Presbyterian Church. Rev. Mr. McGowan, the minister, is a much-used man of God: and the church has a remarkably good record for Christian giving. At that service, a very un-Presbyterian one in procedure, a gratifying response to the message was evidenced. At the close of the service, we had prayer with members of the kirk session. On Sunday afternoon, 1,500 gathered in the Coliseum Theatre, and about the same number or more at 8.15 p.m. Before the latter service began, Rev. Mr. Harper invited me to his platform in Cleveland Congregational Church, where a degree of revival was experienced before leaving for the farewell service. The weather on Sunday left much to be desired, especially as Australians are easily disturbed by bad weather. Yet I understand that the attendance broke several years' records. One handicap in the theatre meetings was the terribly unsuitable lighting. People halfway back were unable to see the hymn sheets. Consequently, when the appeal was made, the poor lighting was a hindrance. The absence of enquiry rooms compelled us to do *that* work in the general meeting. Forty-two decided for Christ: according to others who were more likely to be right that I, sixty decisions were registered.

And so—the Sydney Prayer and Revival Campaign concluded. Sydney is a difficult place to stir—the population of 1,500,000 is scattered over a wide area. New South Wales, many times as big as England, has a total population of 2,500,000. One half the population lives in Sydney, surely a remarkable feature of Australian life. Sydney has many live groups, and with them,

huge masses of untouched non-Christians. Most Australians are sport-crazy—Sydney is almost the limit. Gambling prevails almost everywhere. My experience of the Sydney newspapers, checked with others, is that the Press is unfriendly to evangelism. The comparison with New Zealand is strikingly in favour of the Dominion in this respect. Religious life in the Dominion appears to be on a higher level than in the Commonwealth, but one redeeming feature about Sydney is the fact that the Anglicans are wholeheartedly evangelical, Archbishop Mowll being a fearless Gospel preacher.

At the time of my visit to Sydney, there were twenty-five bishops in the city. A centenary celebration in honour of Bishop Broughton had been arranged, and this brought bishops and archbishops from all over the world. I had the very great pleasure of a warm shake-hands from Archbishop Mowll—I felt grateful for his sympathetic interest. With Mr. Bradley I waited on the railway platform to greet Bishop Graham Brown of Jerusalem upon his arrival. He remembered me quite well—Dr. Howard Guinness had introduced us at the C.I.M. in London. The Bishop in Jerusalem afterwards led in prayer at Canon Hammond's Men's Bible Class on the first of June. After my appeal, a dozen professed decision for Christ. At that time I was passing through to Melbourne from Brisbane.

Everyone was highly gratified at the strong evangelical flavour given to the celebrations. One Bishop declared that the Church must return to proper emphasis of the fact of sin, the necessity of cleansing by the blood of Jesus, and the inescapable wrath of God. There was deep blessing during the centenary. The meetings ran at the same time as my own visit.

"For the past forty years, I have been in touch with most revival movements. I have sat under Moody's ministry when he addressed over 14,000 people and saw 300 come out for Christ publicly. Likewise I have been in touch with the Welsh Revival and other similar movements. Here in Australia, there has never been a great revival. (The most outstanding awakening was during the visit of the Rev. George C. Grubb in 1891-2: there was also a revival in degree in the Chapman-Alexander Mission.)

"Our brother reached here on May 16 from New Zealand. I was a member of the Committee assisting Mr. G. E. Ardill, hon. secretary for Mr. Orr's visit. I arranged a night for a gathering of about sixty young professional and commercial men. Our brother came in and quietly spoke on hindrances to revival. Fifty of the sixty fellows got to their feet, one after another, and poured

out confessions there such as one would not think possible. One young doctor said: 'I have a grudge against so-and-so in this room and I publicly apologise': and secret sin, prayerlessness, criticism and worldliness were confessed. The Spirit of God began to work, and that meeting gave the impetus to the next eight days' meetings.

"In other services, there was evidence of God's power. It always began with the work amongst the Christians and ended with the unsaved. Those who took note say that there were *three thousand* people in the twenty-three meetings who publicly confessed failure and sin. There were one hundred and fifty who definitely signified their acceptance of Jesus Christ.

"Every man has his own methods in Gospel work, but undoubtedly God has guided His servant in getting at God's own people. Mr. Orr has been our guest in my home and I have taken him to every meeting, but I think that it is in the home that one sees the reality of a man's consecration. He had no fads—was more out for soul winning. People talk about worldliness and empty churches, but we have found in all these services, that there are people ready to meet the challenge of a faithful message. I feel satisfied that God has given Him a deep spirit of humility and indifference to finance. Lack of these is a rock upon which many of our evangelists have perished. . . ."

Cablegram published in *The Christian* :

"*Edwin Orr welcomed by representative Archbishop Mowll and leaders various denominations—hundred ministers broken down—many in tears—hindrances confessed—several local revivals—scores decisions—great expectancy.*"

—(Signed: G. E. ARDILL, M.B.E.)

Cablegram published in *The Christian* :

"*Orr's visit unprecedented blessing—3,000 surrendered for restoration to God for revival—150 professed to accept Christ—23 meetings in 9 days.—BRADLEY.*"

CHAPTER SIX

SUNNY QUEENSLAND

I FLEW north from Sydney to Brisbane, and was greeted at the aerodrome by Mr. W. J. Tunley and Mr. T. MacGregor Smith, of the Campaign Committee. A good programme of meetings had been arranged.

On the following day (April 26th) the *Brisbane Courier-Mail* displayed on the main news page the headline "*Evangelist Stirs Crowd: Unusual Scenes at City Tabernacle*" with the report: "In an atmosphere electric with religious fervour, men, women and youths stood up before an immense congregation last night, and confessed sins during the most remarkable evangelical meeting since the Chapman-Alexander revival. Before them in the pulpit stood J. Edwin Orr, author, lecturer and preacher, with arms outstretched in supplication; persuading, pleading, threatening, with a fiery eloquence that brought audible sobs from women and visibly affected men and youths."

This report, I informed one of my Brisbane friends, was a little too glowing and sensational; but he told me that the reporter himself seemed to be deeply touched by the message and was trying to be enthusiastic. The *Telegraph* declared that "Evidences of deep religious fervour marked the inauguration of the Brisbane campaign of Mr. J. Edwin Orr, who is on a round-the-world evangelistic tour. There was nothing of hysteria or mere emotionalism, however, about last evening's meeting. Some 20 or 30 persons in the assemblage quietly rose and audibly mentioned the particular hindrance which was standing between them and the full enjoyment of peace with God."

The Baptist Tabernacle was overcrowded. The campaign was under the auspices of the Queensland Evangelisation Society, but on the first night, the Queensland Christian Endeavour Union jointly sponsored the meeting. It was full of young people. The appeal brought a good response, but I was told that the unusual methods somewhat startled the good folks. Many were the comments on the success of the meeting,

but one felt—in comparing it with scenes in New Zealand—that there was only partial blessing.

On the second night, Tuesday, the place was overcrowded again, this time more so. Again there was a deep sense of conviction, much blessing, but not the definite break. Individuals were touched, some hundred stood publicly to confess hindrance, several decided for Christ: but as yet, there was no great break. A girl came over to me:

"I snapped the nose off a friend of mine"—she was speaking figuratively, not literally—"and now I feel convicted. Do I have to apologise?"

"You already know that you have to apologise."

Another young man spoke to me.

"I was convicted of secret sin, but I did not confess it, although I felt the urge to do so. I was too cowardly. But I want to get blessing."

Before the Tuesday evening meeting, I addressed a united meeting of Christian Nurses and Crusaders. There was deep blessing there, one felt, and the outcome was that seven sought the assurance of *salvation* and *forgiveness*. Over a score of Christians were dealt with besides.

Brisbane strikes one as a city which needs wakening up. This is regarding spiritual affairs, of course, for otherwise it is a progressive and beautiful city. It is about the same size as Auckland, and yet it is so different. There are undoubtedly live causes, but many churches are poverty-stricken spiritually. It was my hope that revival would break out among the Christians before the arrival of the Maréchale (whose name was added to my list of friends at Keswick) who was coming to conduct a great evangelistic campaign in the city. A revival would prepare the way before her, and ensure blessed results. But one is compelled to say that a great deal remains to be done before the Christians are ready.

While in Brisbane, I had one interesting encounter. A fellow with a doubtful-looking face came up to me, suggested a talk, and offered me a cigarette. I did not like the look of him: it was obvious that he was not a Christian. He told me that he was a journalist, and would like an interview. I asked him what paper he represented: he told me it was ——. This man was the soul of affability: he assured me that he was very interested in my work. A feeling of revulsion came over me.

I felt like telling him that he was a liar, for I was convinced that he was such.

So I told him that he had better read my books if he wanted to learn anything about me. But he persisted: and I was amazed to hear him boldly ask on what financial terms I came to Brisbane. I told him to ask my committee. I was beginning to feel wary of him. The interview took place in the lobby of the Canberra Hotel, and he asked who would pay the hotel bill. I told him that I did not know. But he asked so many questions about financial support, that he convinced me that he wanted copy for twisting.

I questioned him: found that he was a rank atheist: his references to Christ were nauseating: he laughed at the idea of religion. I knew that a sympathetic interview report was impossible, so I tried to show him his spiritual need. His replies suggested that he was a hardened apostate (I think he was a renegade Jew) and so I gave him up as a case beyond me.

That same day, I bought a copy of his paper. As I had guessed, it was as yellow as yellow could be. It was profusely illustrated with suggestive pictures and stories with a sexy flavour, the pictures being as lustful as they dared. I knew what the journalist was after—mudslinging. A week later, I bought his paper again. It contained seven suggestive cartoons, plenty of crude humour, and it honoured (?) me by devoting a whole page (less advertisements and two cartoons) to my doings. All told, the paper gave me forty inches of news column. There were *seven* definite lies in the article, a host of twisted misquotations, quite a few nasty insinuations, a picture of myself copied from my first book, and some paragraphs of personal abuse. The paper could be described as "the world, the flesh, and the devil"—so I was not a bit surprised.

My friends were not in the slightest upset, either. "For obvious reasons," they said, "no Christian would believe anything published in such a terribly low-class, yellow rag." Another suggested that it would be a good advertisement. My relations with the Press have been good all along. I think that the Australian papers of good standing would be hurt if I did not point out that the rag referred to is not to be described as one of them.

"If the world hate you, ye know that it hated Me before it hated you. . . ."

On Wednesday morning, we had a very blessed Ministers' meeting. The presence of the Lord was felt in our midst. Many sins were confessed, many hindrances were removed, and much heartfelt and unprofessional prayer ascended to God. A mid-day meeting was held in the Ann Street Presbyterian Church from 1.10 p.m. till 2 o'clock. From the first day, this was overcrowded, with scores standing, and every seat occupied in the well-situated downtown church. On Wednesday evening, the City Tabernacle was overcrowded again. Still there was no break. I felt at the end of my tether in many ways: so on Thursday evening, I asked some people to remain behind for prayer. One hundred and twenty remained behind until a late hour: all denominations were represented: deep blessing was experienced: and I went away feeling that indeed revival had begun.

The Brisbane radio listeners heard my message broadcast on Thursday afternoon. On Friday, the meetings were again overcrowded: and a break came in the evening service. Six hundred people waited behind: believers were revived, backsliders restored, and sinners converted. The blessing followed open confession of failure and sin. The crowd stayed until a late hour. From that time forth, the Holy Spirit seemed to have free course.

In the meantime, I received a letter from Adjutant Woodbury of the Salvation Army, which told me of blessing going on. The Army officers, and especially the Brigadier, were greatly helpful in the campaign.

"It was my privilege," he writes, "to be amongst the number who attended your first public meeting on Monday night. Your simple message, the earnest pleadings, brought about much heart-searching in my own heart. I took away from that gathering a desire to pass on to my people the need of personal revival. On the night following, at our Soldiers' assembly, the Lord took such complete control of the whole proceedings that all formalism was swept away. To give an address I felt would be to infringe upon the work of the Holy Spirit. When on our knees, I read Psalm 51, making it a prayer as you did at your service. Then I called for decisions, asking those in the meeting to acknowledge the particular sin or sins that were hindering revival in their own heart. Two dear Comrades got up and acknowledged some particular weakness. I cannot describe how the meeting was moved by such confessions, but you will

understand. On Saturday night, we had an all-night of prayer—quite a number of those who came *stayed till daybreak*. Sunday dawned beautifully, and as an answer of these prayers, at least 70 decided for Christ in the Temple alone during your two meetings there."

On Saturday afternoon, we had a happy outdoor gathering at some park or other somewhere or other. The evening crowd at the Tabernacle surpassed all previous records, 1,500 being accommodated. The hush of God was felt in that meeting—nearly 1,000 waited for the after-meeting to seek the filling of the Holy Spirit. God answered prayer in a wonderful way. It was revival. The committee, whose loyal help had been such an encouragement to me, were delighted. The blessing continued during the week-end. On Sunday morning, I took the pulpit of Ann Street Presbyterian Church. The afternoon service in the City Temple was overcrowded—about 1,700 I guess—and, as the Adjutant reported, many decisions for Christ were recorded. The City Tabernacle was crowded nearly an hour before the usual time of evening service. Souls were saved there: many more were converted in the farewell meeting at the City Temple at 8.30 p.m. I understand that over 100 professed conversion on the Lord's day. And so the Brisbane campaign closed. In seven days, there was an aggregate attendance of 15,000—breaking all records since Gipsy Smith's campaign. Quite a surprising number of people travelled 200 miles to the meetings: others came 50 and 100: some put up at hotels: others travelled many miles each day.

I felt greatly appreciative of the efforts of my committee to make the campaign a success. One must especially mention Mr. T. MacGregor Smith, the secretary, whose indefatigable zeal was amazing: Mr. W. J. Tunley, an older man, hon. director of the Society under whose auspices the campaign was arranged: Rev. Mr. Butler, the Baptist minister: the Salvation Army friends: and the members of the committee arranging for the Maréchale's forthcoming visit. Some of my best friends in Brisbane were somewhat startled at first by the directness of my methods: a little prayer meeting together reassured confidence and made us *one* more than ever.

Brisbane has a population of 300,000: and Queensland almost 1,000,000. The State covers a huge area and is sparsely populated. It is sub-tropical: the northern part is well within the tropics. Although it was the end of May (early winter comparing

with our northern late-November season) the weather was as mild and warm as an English June. Brisbane is a beautiful city—very much so. Its people are kindly: but it is not so progressive in spiritual matters. There is a great deal of indifference and opposition to definite evangelism, and far too few strongly evangelical preachers. There is plenty of liberalism in the Free churches, and ultra-high-church Anglo-Catholicism in the Anglican.

Cablegram published in *The Christian*:

"Definite revival beginning—Brisbane aggregate attendances 15,000—seven days City Tabernacle overcrowded every night—larger City Temple likewise packed—closing meetings—after-meetings till late hour—hundred decisions yesterday.

—TUNLEY, Q.E.S."

I received a letter from a police inspector, not in Brisbane, but in another Australian capital. It makes encouraging reading.

"About 5 p.m. the Chief Inspector brought a clever young married woman to my office, who as a last resource had called to seek advice regarding her husband, whose drinking habit had brought her to the point of desperation. I told her of Edwin Orr's Revival Mission, and advised her to attend with her husband. She had admitted that her own church interest was indifferent. They went, and notwithstanding opposition, he was touched, and she was in tears. At the end of the meeting, she and her son came out on God's side, but he still was not persuaded. Next evening they were there again—and the husband decided. They have decided to attend — Church." Praise the Lord.

Mr. T. MacGregor Smith sent his comments to *The Christian*:

"For some weeks we had looked forward with prayerful anticipation to the coming of Edwin Orr. Meetings were arranged for: publicity was given as far as one was able: but after all we knew so little of him. Certainly we had read his books and from these had gathered a measure of conjecture. . . . Then came his visit to New Zealand, and from this source came the news of the Easter Convention at Ngaruawahia and other centres. And from a young man who had written a book—Mr. Orr became a more vivid reality—a man used by the Holy Ghost.

"Then Mr. Orr came, literally out of the air, by means of the great air-liner from Sydney. We met him and looked into his keen blue Irish eyes, so full of humour and friendship, which yet

at times (as we later found) could flash with the inward burning of a consuming passion for the souls of men. Could this slightly-built young man of quiet demeanour and few words be the man who had so mightily moved the hundreds of young lives in New Zealand and Sydney? Who had (as the Rev. A. S. Wilson described) 'electrified' those to whom he had spoken?

"... And so Mr. Orr has come and gone again. How shall we describe the man and his ministry? Only one word will suffice—'remarkable.' Edwin Orr in his ministry is like—Edwin Orr, and no one else. He has no set method or system other than the definite leading of the Holy Ghost power so very consciously present at so many gatherings. But we realise that God the Holy Spirit has visited us in revival blessing. Already the signs following are apparent and for the first time, some 250 to 300 people gathered on Wednesday mid-day for the commencing meeting in the City Hall basement of a regular mid-week Prayer gathering."

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE VISIT TO VICTORIA

"Revival awakening Melbourne during Edwin Orr's ministry thousands attending necessitated hiring Olympia stadium five-day aggregate twenty thousand. Many Ministers quickened believers revived over two hundred others signified decision for Christ. Much rejoicing."—Signed by Dr. J. J. Kitchen, Australasian Director of the China Inland Mission.

Cablegram published in *The Christian*, June, 1936.

At Albury, on Tuesday morning about seven o'clock, I changed over from the Sydney express to the Melbourne express. Unlike Canada, the States, or any other country of similar size, Australia has not got a standard gauge throughout its railway system. The variety of gauge is a heritage left since the days when the States were independent of each other. Since the days of the founding of the Commonwealth, standardisation has often been discussed, but nothing has resulted. Consequently, the traveller between New South Wales and Victoria has to change trains. It is a nuisance, and it will be a worse one in war-time.

In due course, the express reached Melbourne. On the platform that noon was quite a party of welcoming friends. Their handshakes demonstrated the warmth of their welcome to the Victorian capital. Two Press photographers and a reporter were there likewise. The latter, a charming young lady, asked me:

"Have you anything to say on the subject of smoking?"

"Why?" I queried.

"Well," she explained, "there has been some controversy in the papers about the question, 'Should Christian ministers smoke?'"

"You can say," said I, "that Mr. Orr declared that tobacco was nowhere mentioned in Scripture. But say also that he quoted a certain verse from the Bible, 'He shall take the abomination from between your teeth!'"

From the first moment, it was easy to understand why Melbourne is universally acclaimed a beautiful city. It is magnificently laid out, with beautiful palm groves and borders of trees, lovely boulevards, and fine public buildings. The population exceeds 1,000,000, this being over a half of the total population of the State of Victoria. Melbourne is a busy metropolis.

From hearsay I had gathered that Melbourne had a good reputation for evangelical activity. I was therefore expecting great things in the Melbourne campaign. And I was in no way disappointed. From commencement to finish, the Lord's hand was evident. The campaign was organised by the Campaigners for Christ, a young movement of keen Christian workers whose avowed object is to co-ordinate and stimulate the preaching of the Word. Helping them were other committee members, such as Dr. Kitchen, the Australasian Director of the China Inland Mission. The downtown Collins Street Baptist Church was taken for the evening meetings.

The first evening service was packed out. I gave an address calculated to create an expectancy: the atmosphere was charged with conviction: it seemed as if revival was about to break forth. However, on account of the lesson of Brisbane, I deliberately restrained the meeting, wanting to see the tide rise higher before sweeping away the obstacles.

During this meeting, I felt the strange urge to challenge my own committee on the subject of expecting revival. I asked them to come up to the platform and lay open their hearts before God. They did so—and all the while a strange silence pervaded the place. Hindrances were confessed, confessions of prayerlessness and criticism were made, unbelief was admitted, some speaking under stress of deep emotion. It was easy to see that the people were deeply moved by the honest admissions of failure. As it was getting late, I suggested that we should leave the meeting open for prayer for revival. Scarcely any attempted to leave.

At the most, I expected heartfelt petitions for revival. But even in this, my expectations were exceeded. Quietly, one after another, the meeting rose to pray.

"Lord, send a real revival to Melbourne, beginning first in me. Cleanse me from my own sin and bless me now."

Then a man rose to his feet, and prayed in a silence in which one could have heard a pin drop.

"Lord—I'm a liar. Lord—I'm a critic. Lord, I'm a hindrance. O God—help me and cleanse me and revive me."

Other prayers of intense earnestness ascended. About 1,000 people declared their willingness to expect revival in themselves. In that intense atmosphere the meeting was dismissed.

The Melbourne weekly, the *Spectator and Methodist Chronicle*, gave prominence to a report of this meeting. It is interesting to see it from a different angle.

"Collins Street Baptist Church was packed on Tuesday night by an eager company at this, the first meeting held by Mr. J. Edwin Orr in Melbourne. Brief preliminaries were disposed of, and then Mr. Orr opened with stories of answered prayer, followed by records of revival meetings in various countries. Then was revealed the true message of this servant of God—'Do we want a revival? If so, what hinders?' Faithfully, and without fear, he spoke of hindrances, and said that if a revival did not start we were not sincere."

To butt in just here, what I did say was, "Will you take away this closing challenge? If revival does not begin in your own soul before very long, you are a humbug. Humbug is the only word for it, for you say you are willing for revival, and God has promised revival." But to go on with the report:

"Closing the first part of the meeting, he asked for those interested in a revival to stop for prayer. Barely fifty left the meeting. He challenged his Melbourne committee to testify of their impressions, and by simple testimony and sincere confessions they laid their hearts bare. A call to the congregation resulted in a sea of hands being raised signifying their desire for revival. He left the matter at that, although it was evident that very many would gladly have made public testimony of their great need and desire."

As a result of the great blessing in this meeting, many folks came from far and wide to the noon-day meeting downstairs in the Town Hall. When I arrived, people were standing all around, and 600 were still there at 2.0 p.m. This meeting further increased the electric air of expectancy. That night the break came.

It is difficult to describe these meetings. Meeting following meeting, revival after revival. I find it difficult to retain the details of such outbreaks. But I do remember that the whole congregation waited behind for an after-meeting; sins were confessed, revival sought in the way urged from the Scriptures.

Hundreds, indeed the great majority of the 1,200 present, confessed their hindrances openly—criticism of other Christians, disobedience, secret sin, cowardice at work, and everything that hindered the coming of Revival. Many were broken down. Although the meeting was entirely devoted to the need of believers, it was easy to deal with the unsaved. One always finds it so—Revival makes it easy to challenge the non-Christians. Thirty publicly decided for Christ. The meeting continued until eleven. Much prayer for individuals ascended; mothers asked prayer for unconverted sons; young men prayed for unsaved workmates: it was wonderful.

In retrospect, it is interesting to study the Spirit's working. The meeting began with expectancy: then came the period of deep conviction: next followed a time of confession when almost all seemed to be in the slough of despond on account of the burden of sin. At such a point, I like to wait for a spontaneous outburst of real thanksgiving following the realisation that the confessed sin has really been cleansed and forgiven. In this case, it followed a period of sheer misery, and began when the whole company burst into the singing of the great old hymn:

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin:
He sets the prisoner free:
He sets the prisoner free:
His blood can make
The foulest clean:
His blood avails for me,
His blood avails for me,
His blood avails for me."

This old Methodist favourite was sung again and again until everyone had sung it with extraordinary joy. Revival had begun. We praised the Author and Giver. One thousand people rejoiced in spontaneity.

At midday on Thursday, the service was held in the Collins Street Baptist Church. Seven hundred people attended this gathering: and the same number came again on Friday at noon—quite an encouraging response in the busy lunch hour. I have always valued noonday services: I felt greatly encouraged to learn that the Brisbane campaign launched a weekly intercession service in that city on the lines of the famous Sydney meeting. All over the world it is the same—there are splendid noonday services, in Glasgow, Seattle, Sydney, Chicago. The Melbourne service in the Town Hall is a few months old.

Regarding Collins Street, it gave me great pleasure to learn that the new pastor was none other than Rev. Reginald Kirby, formerly of Harrogate, Yorkshire, whose name had been on my prayer list for many months. The Lord is blessing the work of His servant in the Victorian capital.

The generosity of a well-known businessman was used of the Lord to provide a happy setting for a Ministers' meeting. One hundred and fifty ministers accepted the invitation to tea in the Victoria Palace in Little Collins Street. I spoke on the beautiful verse from Solomon's Song—"They made me keeper of the vineyards: but mine own vineyard have I not kept." The Spirit of God used the message in bringing deep conviction to many hearts. When the opportunity for prayer and for requests for prayer was given, confessions of sin were made by dozens of ministers and leaders. A well-known young leader apologised to a minister present, and asked forgiveness for unnecessary criticism: a few days later he received a letter from the minister thanking him for his courageous confession and assuring him of his regard and love.

On Thursday evening, the service was held in Brunswick Street Methodist Mission Church, Fitzroy. The place was packed out. My good friend, Rev. Walter Betts, presided. Mr. Betts is well known throughout Australian circles for his ever-recurring query—"Have you any glory in your soul?" He is an up-to-date, old-fashioned Methodist parson, full of fire when preaching, and full of expressive ejaculations when others are preaching. It is impossible not to love Walter Betts. So far as my visit to Melbourne was concerned, Mr. Betts was a tower of strength in prayer help. The service in his Church was fruitful—two dozen decided for Christ, and another six came to the Lord in an after-meeting conducted by the minister after I had left at 10.0 p.m. One thing stands out in my memory—in making the appeal, I became aware of a certain young lady in the gallery under conviction of sin. I determined not to close the appeal till she decided. She was the twenty-fourth publicly to acknowledge her need. I received a letter some time afterwards:

"I doubt if you remember me, but you may. On Thursday night you selected one particular person who was sitting in the gallery on your right—dressed in red.

"At the time I was terribly convicted—but resented the thought of people praying for me. Of course you can imagine

how I felt when *you mentioned* that you were praying for me. I haven't realised yet *how* I did respond, because if I had been near the door I would have made an escape.

"All Friday I felt wretched, also Saturday, but something happened on Sunday—can't explain it, but I am just bubbling over. . . ." This young lady had previously made a profession, but had backslidden so far as to lose her assurance.

Some very human letters reach me at times. One correspondent, in telling of blessing received in the campaign, wrote: "Through family troubles and mischief makers six years ago, I vowed that I would never enter my brother's house again. When you spoke on Wednesday about pride being a sin, it dawned on me that it was really pride that made me keep my vow. Your prayer for me gave me the needed courage to visit my brother again. Sin confessed and forgiven gives wonderful peace and joy to the soul."

In the meantime, I was the guest of Leonard Buck. His father and mother were very kind hosts, and he himself was my especial brother during the campaign. His kindness was unlimited. On Friday evening, en route in his fast car to the Baptist Church, I asked him:

"Is Friday night Melbourne's worst night for attendance?"

"Always," he replied. "Let us hope for a three-quarter filled church, and be more than satisfied."

Judge our amazement upon arriving early at the church to find a throng of people unable to get entrance to the building. There was a great response to the challenge—again believers acknowledged need, and decisions were made.

On Saturday afternoon, we set off upon an expedition to Geelong. I took the wheel of the car going and coming. Several ministers had pulled together to arrange a meeting. Although the response was encouraging, the contrast between the cold atmosphere in Geelong and the atmosphere of warmth in Melbourne was most noticeable. There are many earnest intercessors in Geelong, but many more church people have got to learn that there is a price to pay for Revival.

Back in Melbourne, the accommodation was proving hopelessly inadequate. The committee hurriedly hired the Olympia Stadium belonging to Wirth's Circus. It was a huge barn of a place—and the committee was rather anxious not to spoil things by having it half filled. By eight o'clock on Saturday night, a great crowd had gathered there—chiefly young people. Those

who counted the seats said that there were 3,000 present at the meeting, which, in the opinion of the leaders and the speaker, was the spiritual climax for Christians. It was a grand thing to see nearly 2,000 Christians kneel together to seek the gracious infilling of God's Spirit. Saturday night crowned the Revival in the hearts of saints.

On Sunday morning, I had the privilege of speaking at Kew Baptist Church. There was great liberty in the meeting, which was utterly overcrowded. Thirty people—twenty adults and ten youngsters—made their decision for Christ: as usual, this happened *after* the Christians had publicly confessed hindrances such as criticism. Rev. Mr. Newnham does a splendid work for God in this fashionable suburb.

Two thousand gathered in Olympia Stadium for the afternoon service. Hundreds were turned away from the Collins Street Baptist Church at 7.0 p.m.: and a crowd estimated at 5,000 gathered for the farewell service at 8.30 p.m. in Olympia. At all these Sunday services I preached the simple Gospel, and at all these meetings souls were saved. The farewell address on the Atonement was the crowning one so far as results are concerned. Over 200 professed conversion in the week of meetings.

To give an idea of what was happening elsewhere in Melbourne, I quote a report which reached me through Mr. Waddingham, the Campaign secretary. He heard of a Salvation Army Holiness Meeting that morning, where "during the service, the leader decided to teach them your chorus 'Search me, O God, and know my heart to-day.' He then called on the Captain to repeat the words. The Captain repeated the first line but could go no further—he fell on his knees to confess his hindrance to blessing: others followed, and many got through to victory."

Finally, on Monday morning, the Committee met at morning coffee to say good-bye. Dear old Dr. Kitchen, the vigorous Director of the Australasian C.I.M. Council, presided and said many nice things, calling me "this dear laddie." I thank God heartily for such a Committee—Len Buck, Waddingham, Coombe, Denniston, Kirby, Betts and all the others whose loyal co-operation made the Melbourne campaign a success.

CHAPTER EIGHT

TRANQUIL TASMANIA

THE beautiful Island State of Tasmania lies 240 miles south of Victoria, being separated from the mainland by the Bass Strait. Hobart, the capital, was settled in 1803: and it was from Launceston on the north that settlers went over to the mainland to found Victoria.

Diversity sums up the scenic attractions. There is a striking similarity in some parts to the fields of Kent: in others, one can see a facsimile of Wales. There are mountains 5,000 feet high, good rivers, forests, orchards, farms. Hobart has a population of over 50,000: Launceston is not quite that size.

Len Buck, my Melbourne pal, used to talk quite a lot about Tasmania: but that was chiefly because of a charming Tasmanian who consented to alter her name to his. He always referred to the Island as 'Tazzie'—and by way of provoking him, I called it 'Mania.' I delivered a box of chocolates to an address in the Island.

On Monday morning, Dr. Kitchen, Len Buck, and several other friends saw me off by the fast mail plane the *Bungana*—one of the nicest planes in which I have travelled. It was a windy, cloudy, rainy day—the flight was none too smooth, but I suffered no unpleasant consequences. The cloudbanks descended, and within an hour, we were being driven down to the water's surface in a dangerous way. We got within 40 miles of Launceston, and were then notified by wireless that it was impossible to land anywhere in Tasmania without a crash. So we turned back. An hour later we were over Victoria again, skimming—one would think—the tops of the trees. There was some anxiety at the aerodrome at Melbourne, for the clouds were coming so low that a landing there was nearly impossible. The Bass Strait is a treacherous piece—one plane disappeared completely on one occasion. I could not help watching the ground—it seemed dangerously near. It was interesting, too: a flock of sheep bolted; a herd of quietly grazing cattle scattered as we zoomed past: a horse fled for its life and hid under a big

tree. At last we got to Melbourne, roared over its streets, causing people to stop and look up—an unusual thing nowadays—and finally alighted at Essendon from whence we had started. One poor air-sick passenger thought that he was in Tasmania. He was not.

We phoned Mr. Ian Boss-Walker of Hobart to arrange for a prayer meeting instead of my address. I heard afterwards that they were greatly blessed at that service—some were glad that I did not put in an appearance. I, on the other hand, thoroughly enjoyed my enforced holiday . . . of six hours.

At eight o'clock next morning, we tried again. It was a dull, cloudy day, with a following wind, but our pilot soared high up above the clouds until we were at 8,000 feet altitude. The clouds were at 5,000 feet: above was brilliant sunshine: it was remarkably wonderful to gaze at the beautiful snow-white blanket shining with light. A fellow-passenger leaned over and made a remark: "And some crazy fools say there ain't no God. Look. Ain't it beautiful?"

I had seen such beautiful clouds before—they must be seen to be realised, for there is an air of unreality about the view. Great puffy white clouds formed a floor which totally hid the earth. I enjoy flying. Considering the time saved, it is a very economic way of getting about. The value of the time saved—at a reasonable calculation—is greater than the additional expenditure.

While talking about planes, my readers will be amused to hear of a past escapade of mine. Many years ago, I volunteered for the Royal Air Force reserve. Another fellow called Smythe filled up his forms along with me.

"Say, Orr. How many teeth has a fellow? Isn't it forty-eight?"

"No-o. I think that's too many," said I, trying to remember what I had learned in the Scouts. "I think it must be forty-six. Why?"

"Well," said he, "it says here 'Number of sound teeth?' Now, I have had three extracted, so that leaves 43. I'm putting 43."

"All right," I replied. "I have lost two—so I'll put 44."

At the aerodrome a few days later, we were examined by the Air Force doctor.

"What's your name?"

"Smythe."

"What's your name?"

"Orr."

He guffawed loudly, and called a colleague.

"Hey. Here's the bally pair of crocodiles."

At last we reached Western Junction, the airport outside Launceston. From there I was taken by fast car to Hobart, arriving at 12.45—an average speed of 50 m.p.h. Right away I spoke at a luncheon of young men: I gave them the Gospel.

The second meeting was one with the ministers in the Imperial Hotel. Twenty-five ministers attended. I explained carefully how God sent Revival, stressing the need of the individual servant of God. There was deep conviction, but there was also disappointing response to the challenge of open acknowledgement of need. One of the number explained that they were quite sympathetic, but that the method was new to them. I told them bluntly that pride was the main hindrance. After the meeting, I was assured that the holding back must not be construed as antagonism. Various ministers told me that they had been deeply touched. But that did not explain the lack of real response in that particular meeting. I said to them:

"Now as I close, let me tell you that I am perfectly satisfied that the blessing in this meeting has not been complete. I put it down to cowardice, not lack of conviction. Now, if any one has been offended, let him speak up: my words are given in the spirit of love."

The *Mercury* gave plenty of prominence to the meetings. A report declared:

"Sponsored by a group of members of the Y.M.C.A., with Mr. J. Edwin Orr, the well-known author and preacher, as the speaker, a Christian revival was commenced in the Town Hall, Hobart, last night. Additional seats had to be procured to accommodate the huge crowd which attended, and even then there were many who failed to gain admittance to the hall proper.

"The speaker said that God knew that most of their prayers were hypocrisy. 'Do you mean what you say when you sing "Showers of blessing we need"?' You have been asking God for a Revival, and I say without any bitterness at all 'Is God deaf that He doesn't hear you? Will He not listen to you?' We pray for a Revival but our hearts are not right with God.

"The speaker referred to the great American and Welsh revivals. . . . If God was able to send revival to Wales in 1905, He was able to send revival to Tasmania in 1936. . . . He was delighted to know that the ministers of Hobart were in unity. If they were going to have revival in Tasmania, they would have to get united prayer meetings. 'Revival always comes with prayer and confession.' The hindrance was the sin and unbelief in their hearts. If they would confess, God would forgive and cleanse. He (Mr. Orr) did not speak irreverently, but 90 per cent of so-called prayers did not go any higher than the roof, and until they were willing to confess their sins, they would not get an answer to their prayers. . . .

Welcome at Baptist Church.

"Mr. Orr was welcomed yesterday at evening tea at the Baptist Church by the Rev. H. G. Hackworthy on behalf of the committee that is organising his visit. Others present were the Lord Mayor (Mr. J. J. Wignall, who welcomed Mr. Orr on behalf of the citizens), the President of the State Council of Churches (Mr. E. E. Unwin), the Rev. W. N. Gunson, the Leader of the Opposition (Mr. H. S. Baker, M.H.A.), Mr. J. Soundy, M.H.A. and Alderman W. W. Osborne." (M.H.A.—M.P.)

The first day in Hobart succeeded in producing a great expectancy, for which we praised the Lord. The second day brought the break. I spoke at the University: then at another luncheon (there were plenty of free feeds in Hobart): and then the evening service at seven-thirty. In the morning, the Lord Mayor took me up to Mount Wellington to see a magnificent view of the lovely countryside.

"Confession of Sin: Unusual Spectacle."

"Many Hobart citizens during the past couple of days have been gripped by a religious fervour, and it had an outward expression at a Christian revival meeting in the Town Hall last night, when the unusual spectacle was witnessed of numerous persons publicly confessing their sins and expressing thanks for deliverance and cleansing. As on the previous night, the hall was crowded, and again additional accommodation had to be provided." (Hobart *Mercury*, June 11, 1936.)

We had definite revival blessing in Hobart in those two days, together with a score of decisions. Many thanks were due to the sanctified zeal of a young businessman, Mr. Ian Boss-Walker, and a party of helpers. I stayed with the Boss-Walkers,

and enjoyed the hospitality. Rev. E. J. Plenderleith, of Launceston, came to the meetings: I drove his car over 100 miles north. Neither he nor the party are likely to forget it, for we struck a big boulder on the road, bounced twice, swerved magnificently, and got away with superficial scratchings.

The two days in Launceston were likewise busy—nine meetings in two days. Two noon-day meetings were held in Paterson Street Methodist: the evening services were held in the large Memorial Baptist Church. We had also a Women's meeting: a radio broadcast: a Ministers' meeting: an address at the Ladies' College: and a tea meeting with the young people. The meetings were very well supported by the Ministers Fraternal, and a happy feeling prevailed.

The break came in the first evening service. When I challenged the people to confess their need of Revival by public witness, no fewer than ten ministers set the example by acknowledging their need and desire for Revival. The atmosphere was so charged with conviction and expectancy, that I announced an after-meeting: fully 1,500 remained, sins were confessed, backsliders were restored, and decisions were made. Revival is the only word to describe it. At the farewell service, over a score of people made decision for Christ and accepted salvation.

And so the very brief visit to Tasmania came to a close. Tasmanians are very nice and warm-hearted people: but on account of their isolation, they are inclined to be parochial and conservative in their outlook. It is said that no one will think of doing anything that their grandfather did not do. Every mission is received with a certain amount of caution at first. But I am convinced that things are moving in the right direction in Tasmania. Some ministers and their people motored in 100 miles to be at the meetings. Much prayer seems to be ascending to God, and it is confidently expected that the lead given in this brief visit will result in an accumulated tide of blessing.

"Lord, send revival to Tasmania, beginning now in me."

CHAPTER NINE

STIRRING DAYS IN ADELAIDE

REV. E. J. PLENDERLEITH and his family came to Western Junction aerodrome to see me safely off. The plane was an hour late in starting—on account of bad weather—and I was anxious to connect with the plane from Melbourne to Adelaide. A message was sent to Melbourne asking them to hold up the plane for half an hour. They did so.

The flight across the Bass Strait broke the record for time. Many of my friends were anxious about this part of the journey, for several planes have gone down in the treacherous crossing, the last down diving to destruction with eleven passengers. I had not a care—although the weather was rough, I was not sick. In eighty minutes we had travelled 240 miles and were circling over the city of Melbourne.

Quite a party of Christian friends were there to greet me, Len Buck, Dr. Kitchen, Waddingham, and others. But I had not much time to spare for the plane was waiting. There were only two passengers on the *Rapide*, but the weather was severe. A 40 m.p.h. wind bumped us in every direction: I felt inclined to be very sick, but having had nothing since breakfast (it was then 1 p.m.) I did not have even that relief to the physical misery. I felt better during the second part of the journey, from Mount Gambier to Adelaide. But upon arrival at my destination, I was white-faced and faint—air sickness is ten times worse than *mal-de-mer*. It was a burden to shake hands with the gathering of folks to greet me—but knowing that many of them had waited hours in the bad weather, I put on a good face.

At the 'drome I met Mr. George Hall, the man whose organising talent had made my visit to Melbourne successful (he left a few days before I arrived there); Mr. G. R. Brown, campaign secretary for Adelaide; and Rev. J. Wesley Smith, an Irishman, with whom I stayed. I had a hot bath, an hour's sleep, a square meal, a quiet time—and off to work again, preaching.

South Australia was founded in the year 1836: and so this year was being commemorated as a centennial event. The Evangelisation Society decided with spiritual vision to have a State-wide centennial evangelistic effort, and arranged for campaigns with Mr. George Hall, the Maréchale, and my own meetings. The first meeting on my programme was the Keswick Quarterly Rally.

On Saturday evening at eight o'clock, Holy Trinity Anglican Church was filled to overflowing, principally with young people in their late teens and twenties. Scores were compelled to sit on the platform. I felt great liberty in this opening meeting. The great majority of those present declared themselves willing to make the vow "If God shows me anything in my life which hinders the coming of revival to my heart, by His grace, I will forsake it." The atmosphere was so charged with expectancy, that I challenged my own committee to declare their attitude. They did so—with deep heart searching, and humble confession. A deep impression was made upon the people. With little persuasion, individuals rose here and there, sometimes under the stress of deep emotion, to request prayer for deliverance from sin of various kinds.

"I want to confess a harsh spirit of unjust criticism against the Rev. —" said one young fellow. "I do not know why I should confess thus, except that God seems to be urging me to do so. I hope that he will forgive me."

Others confessed: some were deeply moved: some were in tears: some were calm but intensely serious. One girl stood up to say:

"I want to confess—"

She suddenly choked, and could not go on. But the evident distress of the girl under conviction touched sympathetic chords in harder hearts. Revival came to the meeting in a remarkable way: time was disregarded, and the people did not go home until eleven o'clock. There were thirty-six decisions for Christ. My heart greatly rejoiced over this splendid beginning in Adelaide.

Sunday morning brought another opportunity for service. Rev. Leonard Bond invited me to speak at Parkside Baptist Church: the church was filled. The pastor was praying much for Revival, and the Lord heard his prayers. When the challenge was given, he himself was the first to admit his need before the people. It was so earnest and moving, that many others

were deeply stirred. Revival came to that congregation after scores had requested prayer in a public way. When things were set right, a wonderful atmosphere of peace and joy pervaded the place. The church officers were deeply moved: church members confessed criticism: blessing followed apologies made. It was an extraordinary service. So powerful was the feeling of conviction that I made up my mind to appeal to unsaved as well as the believers. Some backsliders still have a sense of assurance—and I treat them as believers. Others have lost the assurance—and these, I feel, should be dealt with along with unconverted. The response was most touching: thirty-four gave their names to the pastor as having decided for Christ, a dozen of these being in their twenties, and a score being younger. It greatly rejoiced my heart to go to the vestry after dealing with some in the pews and to find a dozen on their knees with Mr. Bond helping them through. I shook hands with them all—many had tear-stained faces with peace shining through.

I promised to give a Pocket Testament to the younger ones. Next night a man came up to me to give me the name of another boy who had decided. He said that this little fellow (not yet seven years old) had held up his hand at the back.

"Now you're too young," his mammy told him.

"But I want to be a Christian now and give my heart to Jesus," he told her.

He was not to be denied. And he persuaded this friend to take a message to me. I sent him a Testament. I believe in youthful conversions. A young heart takes an impression like wax, and retains it like marble.

Nearly 1,000 people gathered in the Town Hall for the afternoon and evening services. A dozen decisions were recorded in these services—most of them were dealt with personally. A young man approached me:

"May I have a word with you, Mr. Orr?"

"Certainly. How can I help you? Are you a Christian?"

"No, I'm not. But I really would like to be, if I could know the way."

The verse that I used brought the final assurance to him—Romans, 10: 9—"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thy heart that God has raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." He took Christ as his personal Saviour—simply and thankfully.

Monday, May 15th: Following our arrangement by cablegram, Sherriff arrived to-day, turning up at the morning meeting. I was pleased to see his cheerful countenance once more. He had crossed the Tasman sea with Mr. Sturt, and had good fellowship with the Maréchale—God bless her. Mrs. Booth-Clibborn sent a message: something about a horse, if I remember rightly. It was something about the Lord having a good, willing horse and the Devil driving it to death. Jack interpreted it as a bit of motherly counsel to take things easier. The Maréchale told him to tell me that twenty meetings a week was too heavy. It is now nearly a year since my last chat with the Lord's dear old warrior—how time flies. Sherriff brought encouraging reports from New Zealand—stories of conversions following the local Revivals, and a rising tide of blessing.

Monday (continued): The morning broadcast over the radio went well. The Ministers' Meeting at ten-thirty had a very large attendance. Speaking on "Revival among the Servants of the Lord," one became conscious of a deep, deep atmosphere of conviction. Mr. Bond stood up and told his brethren of the heartsearching that he had experienced: of his confession: and of the local Revival beginning in his church. He was followed by one after another, requesting prayer, admitting defeat, acknowledging sin, confessing hindrances. Some spoke under deep stress of feeling, not far from tears. I rejoiced to hear confessions of that cancer among Christians—criticism. The meeting ended with a true note of joy of sins forgiven, and of thanksgiving for Revival begun.

Monday (continued): This evening, we had a full church in the Scots Church in Flinders Street—according to local experts, a good sign for a Monday night. Jack Sherriff spoke first: there was great liberty in the meeting, with continuing Revival. When I appealed to the Christians, a young man (who had confessed impatience, and cowardice at work, in the Saturday meeting) jumped to his feet and told the believers of victory in his life already, urging them to get right with God. He was followed by another earnest testimony which likewise made a profound impression. But my heart was truly thrilled when the young fellow whom I led to Christ last night, stood up and quietly told the people that he had accepted Christ and was experiencing new-found joy. Real Revival followed these three testimonies, for scores of Christians got right with God, and ten people decided for Christ. I spent an hour dealing with these

latter—some were difficult but came through. At twenty-five to eleven, I finished dealing with a young couple who got through. Strangely enough, I had noticed them both in the Saturday meeting and had prayed for them, knowing them to be under conviction by the look in their eyes. The fellow, a nice chap, told me that he knew that I knew his state. Praise the Lord for a busy day—well, as it is now to-morrow (1 a.m.) here goes—.

Tuesday, 16th: First midday-service in the Victoria Hall was very well attended. From there we motored down to Port Adelaide where Evangelist George Hall is beginning his campaign. The Mayor presided and introduced me to the people. Someone—presumably a Communist—sent me a written question: "Sir, Seeing that you believe in Christ, what stand do you think the Parsons of all churches ought to take—to come out and condemn the people who are starving God's children, or stop in Church and let it go on?" To which I replied: "I was speaking on Monday to a great crowd of parsons, and I gave them as to what they should do. But as the person who wrote this note is evidently not a parson, why not ask one of the parsons what I said?" The sort of people who write such questions are more anxious to hear a denunciation of ministers than to study anything about starving children.

Someone phoned Rev. Wesley Smith to-day, wanting to know if he "might have Mr. Orr for a meal." Like a true Irishman, my host in refusing, said that he "wouldn't be able to pick much off his bones anyway."

The evening meeting was an encouraging one. I spoke on "Power for Service"—the ministry of the Holy Spirit in the life of the believer. It was a quiet meeting: but there was an immediate response, scores of Christians simply taking God at His word and asking for the filling for service. Hundreds were on their knees.

Wednesday, 17th: Good noon-day crowd in Victoria Hall. The meeting at Port Adelaide bore good fruit. I saw present the same group of (obviously) unemployed: prayed for them. After the service I said to them:

"I would like to have a chat with you fellows."

"All right—we're wanting to have a talk with you."

"Unemployed?"

"Yes—we're tramping around the country looking for work."

"When did you last have a decent meal?"

Their reply suggested that meals of that kind were few and far between. So I took them to a nearby café, and urged them to take their fill of a three-course meal. All five of them did so. They told me their history—the oldest was 23, and the youngest was 16. All of them were out of work: had travelled hundreds of miles looking for work: despaired of finding anything: drifted about, living from hand to mouth: slept anywhere.

"Ever been in Sydney?" I asked the eldest.

"Sure."

"Did you ever hear of Canon Hammond?"

"The Reverend Hammond? Oh yes, he was the clergyman who came down and met me coming out of jail and gave me two pounds. He's a white man. I was put in jail for fourteen days for stealing a ride on a railway truck."

After talking to them on various subjects, I brought round the topic of salvation. It was just at this time the waitress brought the soup. One of them said:

"We had better say grace, eh?"

"All right," said I, "I'll return thanks."

"I will," said the young fellow, standing up. "It's a long time since I said it, though."

We waited for him.

"For what we are about to receive——" he began.

He started again.

"For what we are about to receive, O Lord——"

His memory failed again.

"For what we are about to receive, O Lord—I've forgotten the rest."

At this table all five professed to make decision for Christ. That evening the five of them tramped seven miles to Adelaide to get a Pocket Testament apiece. Mr. Smith passed on some clothes to them. They announced their intention of leaving the port to tramp north into sunny Queensland.

That evening we were forced to move from Scots Church to Flinders Street Baptist Church to accommodate the crowds. I felt tired during this service, and everything seemed against me. When I was about to close, I felt that it was no use making an appeal because of the unlikelihood of decisions. Nevertheless, I made up my mind to risk it—about three or four responded publicly, and I felt that the small response was disappointing. But ten others waited behind and asked to be dealt with individually. Some had not possessed the courage for

public witness: others did not see their way through: several were deeply disturbed. Sherriff led one young fellow to Christ: and I had the joy of dealing with the others individually. A happy father told me that his youngest daughter had given her heart to God, thus completing the family circle of Christians. 1,200 present.

Thursday, 18th: Had some more details of revival spreading in New Zealand described in private letters received to-day. The midday meeting to-day was well attended: spoke on "The Sin of Worry" and quite a number of old ladies came up to thank me for dealing with *their* problem. The meeting at Port Adelaide brought forth testimony and decision to-day. Port Adelaide is a hard, barren place: a stronghold of materialism, and Communism and indifference. Four of the five young *swaggies* (tramps) who had the meal with me yesterday were present, and three gave outward testimony of decision. Sherriff seemed dubious about the fourth fellow, saying that he thought that his profession was skin-deep while the others were genuine. Trying to believe the best about this fellow, I made excuses for him: but Jack was right. The three fellows walked up to Adelaide to the big meeting and told me that they were disgusted with the insincerity of their comrade, that they had told him off, and were leaving him. The youngest was sixteen. So they asked if they might write to me: thanked me in a very touching manner: and started off on their long trek to Melbourne. Their idea of getting away from the temptations of Port Adelaide was a good one. I hope that they turn out all right.

The evening service in Flinders Street Baptist was fraught with much blessing: spoke on "Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not"; there were fifteen decisions, nearly all of whom were dealt with individually. Eleven hundred were present. The closing meetings of the campaign were likewise well attended, and at the farewell meeting—for Christians—I had the joy of dealing with four individuals, all of whom decided definitely.

Cablegram to *The Christian*, London, from Rev. J. Wesley Smith:

"God used Edwin Orr's unique ministry sanctified humour; cogent scriptural appeal awakening Christians recovering backsliders 140 decisions aggregate attendance 9000 six days."

In Adelaide I had the pleasure of addressing a great crowd of students in the University—trying out the usual plan of speaking on “Adventures in Soviet Russia, and Why I am a Revolutionist.” I ought to explain to my readers that this topic has enabled me to preach the Gospel to students who would not come to hear a regular evangelistic address. Being an extreme revolutionist (I believe that revolution in the heart is the only cure for the troubles of mankind) I was thus able to use the title in perfectly good faith. In this case, it worked: and I preached conversion as the way of salvation.

A few days later I was handed the University newspaper “*On Dit*” (“They say”) which featured a letter beginning:

“To the Editor: Dear Sir,—I beg to call attention to the confidence trick recently perpetrated by the Adelaide University Christian Fellowship. Having lured the multitude of students into the Rennie Theatre by red notices which simply oozed Bolshevism . . .” etc., etc.

The letter referred to the speaker’s “ability to insult people politely”—so apparently the message on ‘Sin’ had got across. Knowing that ‘varsity student-writers were fond of a rag, I was not surprised to see half the front of the paper taken up by a report headed “*A Sheep in Wolf’s Clothing*”—not a wolf in sheep’s clothing.

“The University feels that it has been ‘taken in’—as indeed it has. For days our notice boards have been aflame with the news that one J. Edwin Orr was to address us on ‘My Adventures in Soviet Russia: Why I am a Revolutionist.’ Of course, the notices did say that the speaker was being sponsored by the Adelaide University Christian Fellowship—but, then, we all thought that that body, inspired by a desire to hear all sides of a question, had invited a travelling comrade to come along and give us ‘the oil’ right from the gusher. The Students’ League was all agog, the Politics club was a little restive on Monday morning. The Rennie Theatre was three parts full. Even the remarks of the Chairman (*The Hon. Sir David Gordon*) left the general expectancy undiminished. Then Mr. Orr himself rose to speak. The Irish wit called forth much laughter. The admission that ‘I am a regular Bolshi’—if somewhat flippant—raised hopes even higher. But the fall in the graph of general prices for the years 1929–1932 was just as nothing compared to the crash of our pious hopes as the address proceeded.

“After being let down in his arrangements for a world evangelistic mission, Mr. Orr overcame language trouble in various countries,

transport problems, and chronic poverty by the Christian expedient of prayer—which brought forth food and shelter, bicycles, and Norwegians in the south of England with equal impartiality. The continuous string of answers to prayer is a striking testimony to Mr. Orr’s faith. He decided to ‘do’ Soviet Russia as an answer to the challenge of his opponents that he was just a Christian sponger. His arrival in Norway en route seems to have coincided with much praying in that country towards that very end. . . .

“Then Mr. Orr told us what sort of a revolutionist he himself was. Revolution he defined as a complete change from one state to another. He, like Shylock, wanted from each of us the pound of flesh which included the heart—but only as a loan. The heart he would return completely rebored and decarbonised and—the revolution would be effected. The world would be well again once sin was thus extracted. . . . This evangelical revivalist-revolutionary . . . displayed a wholehearted faith in the authority of Biblical text. . . .

“In conclusion, we may say quite definitely that Mr. Orr never at any time misrepresented himself or his attitude. We cannot but respect his opinions and himself as alike sincere and earnest, but we shall for the future treat circumspectly anything bearing the initials A.U.C.F.”

Making allowance for the facetious strain in which every student-writer expresses himself, this article shows clearly that the average fellow had been impressed and had received a ready grasp of the kernel of the message.

CHAPTER TEN

THE GOLDEN WEST

MR. A. J. SHERRIFF travelled to Fremantle on the R.M.S. *Cathay*, leaving Adelaide on Thursday and arriving at the Western Australian port on Monday. He described the trip as "Mahvellous"—a word which he uses regarding things which I miss enjoying. To which I reply: "Rath-ah!" But I quite believe his description of the ocean as being "as smooth as a duck-pond." The weather was lovely at the time.

The closing meetings of the Adelaide campaign kept me there until Saturday morning. I said good-bye regretfully to the Wesley Smith household and its warm Irish atmosphere (Mrs. Wesley Smith, a talented graduate, comes from Limavady, and her husband comes from the South of Ireland) and was seen off by three members of the committee whose co-operation had been so valuable.

The 'plane took off well and soon reached the 4,000 feet altitude. We soared away over the two gulfs whose blue waters shimmered in the early morning sunshine. The trip was a smooth one, and at midday we had reached Ceduna. After a snack of lunch, we took off again: the farmlands gradually turned to scrub, and the scrub became desert: towards sundown we reached Forrest—having travelled over 700 miles in five hours' flying. The aerodrome is situated within the Metropolitan boundary of the City of Forrest. The population of Forrest is composed of eleven adults, two children, three dogs, and five cats. Halfway between Adelaide and Perth, it is a very lonely spot. Hundreds of miles east across desert and scrub is Adelaide: hundreds of miles west is Kalgoorlie, the gold centre: south across barren desert is the Southern Ocean: for a thousand miles north is desert, without any habitations other than a handful of aborigines.

West Australian Airways are to be congratulated on their service. Not only is the flying well-controlled, but the other comforts of the journey are splendid. The Air Hostel at Forrest is an oasis in the desert with every possible comfort: good food,

good beds, good service. I went out for a walk on Saturday afternoon—the beautiful loneliness of the desert was soothing. Forrest is on the Trans-Australian Railway line. One is amazed to learn that at this point it stretches as straight as a die, without curve or bend, for 342 miles—the longest straight piece of railroad in the world. The sun began to set: the sky was given the vivid tints of dying day: clouds changed from pink to crimson, and from crimson to purple, and then to pastel shades of bluish grey. Soon it was dark. After dinner in interesting company—we had Maurice de Abravanel, the noted conductor, and others of interest with us—I went for another walk. The starry hosts of heaven shone with unbelievable brilliance: I soon picked out the 'coal-hole' and the Southern Cross. How lonely and quiet it was—five weeks' walk back to civilization in any direction. But the loneliness drew me closer to the great Creator whose mighty intelligence had planned the universe.

Next morning brought another great thrill—sunrise on the desert. The air was cool and crisp: the sunshine was bright: the visibility good. The plane took off, turned westwards, and flew for three hours until we reached the Golden Mile in Kalgoorlie. After half an hour's pause for a good meal, we started west again, watching the desert scrub turn to more civilised landscape, and over the Darling Range to the green countryside of the Swan River country. Upon arrival at Perth, I was greeted by a score of people who had motored out to meet me. I was taken right away to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carter, our host and hostess. Most of the members of the Perth Committee greeted me that first day. The advertising stated that "The Perth Committee is comprised of Representatives of all Denominations, as well as the Christian Endeavour Union, Evangelisation Society, Second Coming Association, and Conference for the Deepening of the Spiritual Life." And so the last Australian campaign began under good auspices.

The first meeting arranged was the evening service in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. Rev. George Tulloch, the minister, is a well-known evangelical. This downtown church was crowded and was likewise filled on Monday night. At both services seeking souls waited behind to decide—sixteen the first night, and ten on the second. It was patent that blessing was coming. In the church hall on Monday afternoon, about eighty ministers gathered. The result was revival in our midst, quite a number testifying publicly of blessing, cleansing and forgive-

ness. On Tuesday at midday, quite 800 people gathered in the big Wesley Church, making a splendid beginning for lunch hour services. On Wednesday and Thursday the interest was sustained.

We had a meeting at Fremantle, the port of Perth, held in the Wesley Church there. A splendid platform of ministers and leaders of all denominations supported the meeting. I felt great liberty in preaching the message of Revival to an overcrowded church. The meeting lasted two and a half hours: after the message, it became a prayer meeting. Constrained confessions were made, of criticism of other Christians, of prayerlessness, of pride, of bad temper. About 300 people rededicated their lives to the Lord, and this was followed by eighty people coming forward to the altar rail to confess openly their acceptance of the Lord Jesus Christ. We were able to follow up seventy-seven of them—some were Roman Catholics, some Anglican, some Nonconformists. Many people were in tears. Until after 11.0 p.m., we were dealing with individuals.

Rev. Eric H. O. Nye, the pastor of Wesley Church, Fremantle, described the Revival as follows:

"Some weeks ago a friend lent me a copy of one of Edwin Orr's books—*Can God?* After reading the book, I bought another—*Prove Me Now!*—and began to pray that Mr. Orr might come to Fremantle. The last chapter of *Prove Me Now!* moved me greatly, and as I read it through slowly, I made confession to God of those sins which He revealed to me, asked forgiveness, and surrendered my life afresh to the Lord. The Revival for which I had begun to pray had already begun in me. Then I heard that Edwin Orr was coming to Perth. One night, as I was preparing for bed, it was laid upon me to offer Wesley Church for a meeting or meetings if such could be arranged. Early next morning before I was dressed, Rev. L. J. Gomm, the Baptist minister, telephoned to ask if Wesley Church could be made available for a meeting on Tuesday, 23rd June.

"Every evangelical church in Fremantle was represented, and nearly all the ministers of the city were present. It was a very wet and cold night, but the church was filled to capacity—about 600 being crowded in. Prior to the meeting, some young people held a prayer meeting in the Upper Room. The main service was a wonderful meeting—about 300 people made full surrender and 77 handed in their names and addresses after making public profession of Christ as Saviour. During the meeting, forty people made open confession of sin and asked God for forgiveness. One minister confessed prayerlessness: another minister confessed

criticism behind the back, asking God and his brother minister for forgiveness. Others confessed secret sin, criticism of others: *there was no extravagant expression of emotion* though many were quietly crying and tears were on the faces of many others. Then there was a great deal of sincere rejoicing after the blessing.

"Many are praising God to-day for this mark of Revival begun in Fremantle. God is answering our prayers, for Revival has already taken place in hundreds of lives. Now we are praying that the Revival will spread through all the Churches: that Christians will be filled with the Holy Spirit: that sinners will be converted."

Wednesday's evening service will live long in my memory. St. Andrew's Church was crowded as usual, and the expectancy was good—having been increased by the news of revival in Fremantle. And yet this meeting was a great time of disappointment.

As the meeting went on, the sense of conviction deepened: when the challenge was given, it was received in silence. The price seemed too great to pay—and so the atmosphere, so promising, hardened again. I rebuked the people: they knew that they were cowards: but the atmosphere had hardened, and sin remained unconfessed. I felt tremendously conscious of satanic influence. One well-meaning Christian of good repute and standing thought the time opportune to state his belief in the doctrine of sinless perfection. The Devil can use good people to create a diversion. Another man, this time an obvious extremist, jumped to his feet and began to shout loudly. He likewise was well-intentioned: but the Evil One used his attempt at testimony to distract the people. I intervened: told the folks that their own hardheartedness had grieved the Spirit and left them open to satanic disturbance: that cowardice had hindered blessing: that they needed more positive heart searching. The better atmosphere was restored, and even after the seeming failure we had a long period of prayer and humbling of spirit. The Devil had overstepped the mark. Four people voluntarily sought me out to seek Christ as Saviour—and many other Christians came up to confess (sometimes tearfully) that their personal cowardice had hindered the meeting.

It was an uncomfortable meeting. I found myself anxious to learn if my friends had been shocked. Mr. Urquhart's words impressed me: "The Devil could not let the Fremantle work go unchallenged, so he tried to wreck the meeting. Don't be

surprised. There is a price to pay for blessing." I felt quite easy in my mind. I had preached the same message in Fremantle—the result was Revival and eighty decisions. Why did not the message bear fruit in Perth? The prime cause was the cowardice of the Christians. However, it was a real joy to lead a mother and son to Christ, and to deal with others in tears.

The sequel followed on Thursday evening. All that day I did a lot of heart-searching about the failure of the past evening. I still felt that the fault did not lie with the message or the messenger but with the people. I was convinced that they had grieved the Holy Ghost by hardness of heart and unbelief. For this service, as a matter of course, I had prepared a message. To my own consternation, I realised that the Lord did not want me to preach any message until the people had responded to the message given the night before. But what would people think? They had come for an address. So reasoned I: but the other point of view made itself clear—"What right have you to disobey the leading of the Spirit? Why should you worry about the people's point of view? The Lord's message to them is the silence of rebuke." When I rose from my knees, I knew definitely that I was forbidden by the Spirit to give any message until the people had humbled themselves for not yielding to the message of last evening. As the hour for the service approached, my own nervousness increased.

Rev. J. H. Adamson presided: the church was crowded as usual. After the preliminary part of the service, I asked the people to sing, "Search me, O God, and know my heart to-day." They did so. Then I spoke.

"Brethren and Sisters, you know what happened here in this church last night. I believe that the message was given in love, and to put it briefly, you grieved the Holy Spirit by your hardness of heart and cowardice. I feel that I cannot preach any message to you until you are willing to put right before God the wrong done last night. I prepared a word, but am quite sure that the Spirit has forbidden me to preach it. And so I hope that I have made myself quite clear: God has no further message for you until you humble yourselves."

Intense silence greeted this declaration—but it was not a silence of opposition: it was the silence of deep conviction.

"Instead of preaching," I went on, "I'll read the Word to you. And then we shall get to prayer. Here is the passage: 'Wherefore, as the Holy Ghost saith, To-day, if ye will hear

His voice, *harden not your hearts*. . . . Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God. But exhort one another daily, while it is called To-day; lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin. . . . But with whom was He grieved . . . ? was it not with them that had sinned. . . . ?"

When I had read this in that peculiar silence, I said to them: "The meeting last night was spoiled by your unbelief, your cowardice, your hardness of heart, and your pride. I refuse to preach to this congregation until that matter is set right first. Oh, the *deceitfulness* of sin. Let us come boldly to the throne of grace to obtain mercy. Let us ask 'Lord, is it I? Have I quenched the Spirit?'"

Quietly and reverently the people bowed. The Lord searched all their hearts. There was silence for a full minute. I noticed that some people were crying quietly. Silence continued. It was not a strained silence. I made no appeal whatsoever. The voice of a young man at the back, broke the silence.

"I have been convicted of having quenched the Holy Ghost, and I now confess openly that I was a hindrance to last night's meeting."

Silence again. Then a lady spoke.

"Last night the Spirit convicted me of criticism of other Christians. I did not confess because of pride. Before retiring last night, I got right with God: but now I wish to acknowledge openly that I was a hindrance last night."

Many others prayed. Others confessed. The break had come. What a contrast with the previous meeting—there was nothing jarring, nothing unseemly. Scores of people got to their knees. Prayers ascended. After half an hour of adjustment of heart among the people, I went to the pulpit and preached with great liberty. It was getting late when the evangelistic appeal was made. While the believers were praying, I walked over to Sherriff and whispered:

"I am going to appeal to the unconverted. Will you pray hard for that man on my right, in the third seat beside the lady."

Sherriff looked up. Then he nodded.

"As a matter of fact, I'm already burdened and praying for that man."

And so I concentrated on him. At this particular meeting, it was my method to appeal to those desiring to decide for

Christ to raise their hands first, and then to invite them to come up to the altar rail towards the end of the service. Half a dozen raised their hands: then others: then the twentieth: praise rose from the Christians praying: then twenty-nine: then thirty-five: still this man resisted: then forty: still I prayed for this man: still he looked uncomfortable: others decided: forty-six: forty-seven: forty-eight: the forty-ninth—a young lady—indicated her desire to accept Christ. I pleaded for many minutes for the fiftieth. There was no response. I prayed. Appealed again. Then this man's hand was raised: *we had started by praying for him, and he was the fiftieth to decide for Christ.* He was the last. The converts were all dealt with afterwards, and this man seemed to have a really definite assurance of salvation. He turned out to be the husband and father of the mother and son who had decided the previous night. Many other cases gave us special cause for rejoicing.

The meeting ended with great rejoicing, the people praising God for Revival. I was delighted that things had taken the course that they did. Several people had suggested that I was too drastic on the previous evening: others had declared that I had put pressure upon them to confess. In spite of the criticism, I maintained the position, and had made things "worse" by refusing point-blank to preach at all until they admitted that they were in the wrong. God vindicated both message and messenger. Without even an invitation to confess, Christians confessed publicly the quenching of the Spirit.

On Friday afternoon, a well-known Christian called to tell me, in all friendliness, that he had been hurt somewhat on Wednesday night when I declared that cowardice was the real hindrance.

"Were you there last night?" I asked.

"No, I'm sorry. I had another meeting."

I told him about the fifty decisions on Thursday, and about the unasked-for confessions.

"If I was not right in rebuking people for cowardice on Wednesday night, why did scores confess cowardice on Thursday night? If I was too harsh—why did God put His seal upon that message when I refused to retract the denunciations or to preach any other message?"

He was quite convinced and quite happy about things. This trying experience has helped me greatly. In the future, I shall put obedience before other people's advice. There is a price

to pay for Revival: and if the people refuse to pay the price, one must state the price again.

Friday evening's service was a richly blessed one. The message pointed out the necessity of personal evangelism as the sequel to revival. The closing prayer developed into an intercessory prayer meeting. The requests were made in real earnest. One lady stood to her feet:

"I ask for prayer for the conversion of my husband."

Another request followed.

"Pray for the conversion of my two workmates."

Scores of people asked for prayer, following which it seemed that the spirit of prayer was outpoured in surprising measure. Intensely earnest prayers, brief and to the point, were heard from every quarter.

"O God, save my boys—save my boys," cried an old man, tears wetting his face.

Others prayed. Prayer went on—it could not be checked. It was real. Many mothers wept as they prayed for lost, sinful sons: men who seldom prayed poured out their hearts for workmates and neighbours. Then someone prayed for an unconverted man in the meeting: another followed suit about someone else. It was strange that Sherriff, a few hours earlier quoted Finney to me: "Sinners are often convicted by hearing prayer." Finney's words were proved in this very intense prayer meeting. Twenty souls decided for Christ without any message being delivered to them, saving only a brief invitation for them to accept Christ as Saviour. The majority of these came up to the communion rail, and were dealt with individually. I personally was thus engaged till 11 p.m.

Saturday's services were likewise blessed. At the afternoon service in the Salvation Army fortress (arranged for church officers and Christian workers) there were 20 more decisions: and in the evening service, a Young People's Rally supported by the C.E. Union, 30 made their decision. This was the result of a great atmosphere prepared by several hundred people seeking the filling of the Holy Spirit. Revival continued.

According to Sherriff, I made a funny 'Irishism' in the afternoon meeting—telling the people, "If I have not described this incident before, I'll tell it to you again"—probably that was why the people laughed so heartily.

On Sunday, Sherriff spoke at Maylands Baptist Church. I did not have any regular church meetings, the organisers having

arranged the two farewell meetings in the Regent Theatre. I had a sore throat by this time, but my voice held out. The theatre was full, and people were standing around—I was informed that it seated 2,000. In the afternoon service 80 people publicly decided for Christ. In the evening service, some 40 people made public decision for Christ. It was good to come along to the theatre to find policemen marshalling a queue of people which extended six abreast down to Murray Street. It was also touching to stand before a great company of people while they sang, "God be with you till we meet again." We knew that we had made many West Australian friends.

On Monday I spoke at the Christian Endeavour Convention up at Northam. The same day I had a severe dental operation before going on board the *Nestor*. That evening we sailed for Durban.

The Chairman of the campaign in Perth, Rev. Robert Haley, sent to *The Christian* a cablegram telling of stirring meetings in which there was a "definite turning to God," many believers revived, and over 400 signified their acceptance of Christ as Saviour. Mr. Haley added that the organisers of the Australian campaign estimated that there had been 1,200 decisions in six weeks.

When we reached Northam, my jaw had become very painful, so painful indeed that I was unable without acute discomfort to open my mouth to speak to people or to eat. That was at 6 p.m. At 7.45 p.m. I got to the platform, commended the address to God, and spoke with ease, without the slightest pain. The Methodist Church was filled with country Endeavourers from 100 miles radius: an adjoining hall was filled with Endeavourers who had travelled 60 miles from Perth and Fremantle—these heard the message by amplifier. I spoke as a member of Cregagh Methodist Endeavour in Belfast to fellow-Endeavourers, and stressed the value of real consecration in contrast with the formal consecrations prevalent in so many societies. Real Revival followed the appeal, many Endeavourers getting right with God in the appeal to Christians. When I appealed to backsliders without the assurance of salvation, professing Christians who had never experienced conversion, and unconverted sinners, a gratifying response came. Over 80 stood up in the meeting and were dealt with. In the meantime, Mr. Haley was leading people to Christ in

the other meeting—we had cut off the amplifier for this purpose. I went over there, and had the joy of seeing about 40 respond in the same way. Allowing for the fact that some professing Christians stood, nevertheless it was believed that over half of those 120 who stood were people making a real decision.

We got back to Mount Lawley at 1.30 a.m. At midnight the same day, the *Nestor* sailed. It was with great regret that Sherriff and I left the happy home of Mr. and Mrs. Carter whose hospitality was unbounded. One must mention the great services of Rev. Robert Haley (chairman); Mr. Frank Nunn (secretary); Revs. Tulloch, Urquhart, Adamson, and many others, including Endeavourers.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

IMPRESSIONS OF AUSTRALIA

AUSTRALIA is a great country. The total area is greater than that of the forty-eight States of America, and is divided into seven distinct areas: the States of Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, Tasmania, South Australia and Western Australia; and Northern and Central Australia, administered as a Territory. There is a small area known as Federal Territory, containing the Commonwealth Capital, Canberra, corresponding to the district of Columbia containing the American Capital, Washington.

Over one half of the total population of the Commonwealth inhabits the capital cities. Australians have every reason to be proud of their great centres. Brisbane reminds me of Los Angeles, but is much smaller. Sherriff compares Adelaide with Christchurch. There is an air of conservative old-fashionedness in the Tasmanian cities. Perth has a most distinctive individuality—due no doubt to the great isolation from the Eastern States. Most of the secondary cities, Ballarat, Geelong, Newcastle, Fremantle and others, have a common personality modified by the prevailing industry. Newcastle has *coal* stamped across it: Kalgoorlie means *gold*: Fremantle may be translated *ships*. After these few secondary cities, the towns are mere villages, scattered and small. There are vast lonely spaces.

The Australian people are very progressive: and like the Americans, are more interested in material progress than culture. This is the natural outcome of pioneering. Australia has a reputation for being the most democratic country in the world. This fact explains many things: first of all, I think that the workers of Australia have better hours and conditions than any other country: and secondly, the workers are more pampered than anywhere else—ruinous strikes have hindered progress and achieved little in certain quarters.

The Australian folk have a good reputation for hospitality and friendliness. In some ways, I think that they are ahead of Canada, and in some ways behind. Tipping, a social evil, is almost non-existent in the Commonwealth, perhaps the aggressive, democratic Australian pride is the reason. But it is a relief to find people who give service without cringing.

The twin sins of Australia are gambling and pleasure-craze. It is simply astounding to learn how much money is spent on gambling.

The Australians gamble all the time—it is heartbreaking. In South Australia betting shops are legal—I was asked in a journalistic interview in Adelaide what I thought of the idea of the S.A. Government, legalising betting shops so as to defeat illegal betting. I told the man that it seemed to be bad principle and stupid—they might as well legalise houses of prostitution to avoid street soliciting. In the other States, things are just as bad as in South Australia. I had a haircut one day in Perth. The back part of the shop was given over as a betting shop. *Illegal* of course: but going on with its nefarious business, and paying easy fines every prosecution, and getting away with it. In Perth the police go round the Start Price Betting Shops and fine them in turn. In court, one man complained that he had been unfairly fined out of turn.

Gambling is a moral disease, a curse upon the life of any community. Things to-day in England are bad enough—but Australia is tragically the worst gambling den in the Empire. Gambling pervades the air—and taints even churches. Well-known church leaders are seen at the races. Many ministers ignore the gambling menace; in some churches, raffles are a form of church support. Yes—gambling is the disease of Australia's people. Rich and poor, old and young, gamble, gamble, gamble. I have seen down-and-outs in Brisbane begging a meal and then gambling for pennies. Gambling has spoiled sport—and the healthy Australian desire for exercise is often prostituted to the gambling craze.

The average Australian is not religious: he is not anti-religious either: he is just indifferent. The Commonwealth of Australia seems to be far behind New Zealand in religious interest. The dry indifference of some parts of England is descriptive of Australian life. Adelaide, for instance, is called "the city of churches"—but everyone knows that it is only a name. Melbourne, to my mind, is the most spiritually progressive place in the Commonwealth—it reminds me of Auckland. Sydney is a problem—with certain redeeming features. Brisbane and Adelaide are hard places to move, and if one would regard the consensus of opinion.

The secondary cities are fairly uniform regarding Evangelical witness—that is to say, they are much worse than the Capitals. But the worst condition of all is displayed by the *outback*—isolated communities growing up without the Gospel. The Gospel is preached by some societies to the aborigines: but their problem is nothing compared to the scattered settlements. I have made a vow—that if the Lord permits, I shall do everything I can to arrange for a team of evangelists to tour the outback. When, I do not know.

The attitude of the denominational leaders to evangelism is encouraging. Australia has its fair share of liberal theologians—some are most extreme, denying all the essential truths. But the

real Evangelicals have much to be thankful for. There is a good feeling abroad in the churches. In my own campaigns, I was warmly supported by the ministers' fraternals, the Christian Endeavourers, the Church movements of all denominations. There is remarkably good feeling between Baptist, Presbyterian, Churches of Christ, Methodists, and the rest. The Anglicans of the province of Sydney are aggressively Evangelical and friendly to all other denominations: in Queensland they are largely Anglo-Catholic and stand-offish: in Western Australia the tendency is towards liberalism: elsewhere they vary. The Brethren are generally "open"—a good sign. I found the general attitude of the religious press—Anglican, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian,—to my own mission to be one of warm sympathy. Some were dubious about methods: some were constructively critical: but all were helpful. This surely reflected the attitude of the churches.

All over Australia are found prayer groups for Revival. The Evangelicals know their need. The subject of Revival is discussed everywhere, and anyone taking reasonable friendliness can get his message across. There is an increasing unity throughout the Commonwealth—a unity of desire for blessing. But it will take time to prepare the people for the Revival expected. While comparing Australia unfavourably with New Zealand, one must say that the signs are quite as hopeful regarding the future. Believers are everywhere crying out to God for Revival. Apart from the work of George Grubb, and the Chapman-Alexander missions, there is little to note in the religious history of the continent. The Spaniards called Australia the "Southland of the Holy Ghost" at one time. A sweeping Evangelical Revival might make the term true.

The younger generation is making its influence felt. Several of my best campaigns were run by younger Christians. The generation born since 1900 means business: a hunger and thirst for Revival is evident. Christian Endeavour is encouragingly progressive in most States. Campaigners for Christ are beginning to make their weight felt.

With great thankfulness to God, I glance back over the Australian campaign—prayer was answered abundantly. One hesitates to tabulate results, but without such it is impossible to have a bird's eye view to complete the feeling of praise. The scope of this tour covers 20,000 miles travelling, through the West Indies, New Zealand and Australia, describing most of the 250 meetings held. Twenty meetings a week was the rule in Australia as well as in New Zealand. In six weeks there were 120 meetings.

So far as results are concerned, over 10,000 people publicly sought individual revival, acknowledging shortcomings and rededicating hearts and lives. I hear of Revival continuing in many quarters. As an outcome of Revival among these believers, God

gave conversions, over 1,200 direct decisions being made by people convicted through the Word.

It may occasion surprise when I make the statement that evangelism is quite new in my own ministry. To "do the work of an evangelist" was a command which I did not take to myself seriously until a few weeks ago. I have always wanted to see souls saved, but I thought that my work was to be a ministry of exhortation to believers only. Consequently, in Britain, in Europe, in Canada, in America, I gave little attention to evangelism, preaching Revival and letting other Christians better equipped than I do the reaping. But a climax in my thinking came in Auckland. Laidlaw's public appeal to the unsaved in my farewell meeting profoundly impressed me. Aboard the steamer en route for Sydney, I revised my ideas and simply asked the Lord to set His seal upon the ambition of being an evangelist by giving a hundred decisions each week in Australia.

When I arrived in Sydney, there were so many decisions that I did not know how to handle them: likewise Brisbane: and elsewhere: but some time ago I had read Lewis Sperry Chafer's book *True Evangelism*, and adapting this to my own methods, I tried to be more effective. In Perth, for instance, there were over 400 public decisions, and the great majority were dealt with, and are being followed up. There has been one remarkable feature, however, the fact that where there has been Revival, sinners decide more readily than in the usual sort of campaign. Eighty per cent of the people who came up the aisle to the communion rail to confess Christ openly, declared that they had made a very positive decision. In a Revival atmosphere, persuasion and pleading are often superfluous.

It is hard to compare one campaign with another. The committees were all equally helpful, but the conditions in each place were different. Melbourne and Perth were the two best campaigns, followed by Sydney and the others. One gratifying sign was the co-operation of the Ministers' Fraternals and the Endeavour societies. And although some methods surprised these folk, their sympathy was sustained till the end.

I had a letter from Sydney from a well-known leader saying "that the Revival fires are still burning in Sydney. . . . Already numbers of young people are meeting regularly for prayer . . . this has been followed by witnessing and soul-winning. The University people have been meeting in early morning prayer also. . . . The Maréchale was given a civic welcome at which she took twenty minutes and preached the Gospel. . . ." I learned also from the advertising that Mr. Bradley had arranged a special meeting during the Sydney 'Keswick' meetings—"Echoes of J. Edwin Orr's Australian Campaign." "Rev. W. F. Betts and Mr. Len Buck were in the forefront of the scenes of revival during

Edwin Orr's visit to Melbourne and witnessed evidences of mighty spiritual awakening in that city." Mr. Bradley wrote, "there was not room to put a cat in, and the testimonies were simply glorious, showing that there has been a real permanence in your work." One of my Perth organisers had a letter from relatives declaring that the Manly revival is still going on.

Mr. Tunley wrote from Brisbane: "We had another fine meeting yesterday: the numbers are keeping up well, and the spirit of prayer is a very real one." From Melbourne also came good news. From Tasmania I have heard of continuing blessing. I have likewise good news from Adelaide.

Rev. Leonard Bond wrote: "One other thing you will be interested to hear, showing how little we know of the far-reaching effects of the spiritually preached word. . . ." He goes on to describe how a certain well-to-do lady had been impressed during a meeting strictly for believers. "You called on those desiring infilling of the Holy Spirit to kneel in the pews. Quietly the lady slipped down on to her knees and remained there. As they left the church later, her friend asked her if she had enjoyed the meeting. 'Enjoyed it!' she replied. 'I tell you I have been really converted, and I know it.' And it has lasted . . . and thanks be to God the fire is still burning: the prayer life of the church has been stimulated afresh."

From New Zealand, every letter brings me news of continued Revival. The numbers of indirect decisions now reach four figures. I am confident that such will be the case in Australia before long.

As I remarked before, the religious Press of Australia and New Zealand was very friendly to my work. I notice in one Australia-wide paper an article describing my visit to Brisbane. The whole tone of the article is very warm and sympathetic, and gives a good account of the blessing. It also points out the unusual feature of the meetings for Christians—open confession. Another paper, edited by a warm friend of mine in New Zealand, points out the same thing. So I feel that I ought to make some statements there-upon.

Describing the Ngaruawahia Revival, in the New Zealand *Reaper*, Mr. J. O. Sanders, the able secretary of the N.Z. Bible Training Institute, pointed out that the author of this book "was careful to safeguard against anything in the nature of Oxford Group 'Sharing'." I do not wish to offend any of my Oxford Group friends—but I feel that it is necessary to point out the difference between what has been called *my* methods and the general methods of their movement.

Firstly, I strongly object to indiscriminate or detailed confessions of sin: I regard this as a most harmful thing. For a young man to rise up and describe in detail his secret impurity is far from edifying to a mixed company. It has never happened in my meet-

ings. I have heard people confess in brief words 'secret sin': 'impurity'; 'impure thoughts'; but never in detail. If such a thing did happen, I would immediately silence the offender. I have always given a public warning on this point.

Secondly, I have never invited sinners to confess their sins. By *sinners* I mean *unregenerate* people. All that I have ever felt justified by Scripture to do is to tell Christians that they must confess the hindrance to Revival—a vastly different thing.

Thirdly, in mentioning confession as a means to forgiveness and blessing, I invariably point out that "the Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Without any offence to Groupers, I must say that the teaching of *cleansing by the Blood of Christ* is generally conspicuous by its absence in Oxford Group phraseology. Of course, I recognise that it is impossible to generalise regarding what the Group does or does not teach. I and many friends have been trying for many moons to find an authoritative "voice" of the Groups—but have come to the conclusion that truth and error are hopelessly jumbled together in the Movement's practice as well as teaching. I know Groupers who are genuinely "born again"; and I know Groupers who reject every essential doctrine of Christ. So may I point out in a loving spirit that scriptural confession, and Group confession, are poles apart. Such is my stand: hence I must refute any charge on this point.

But is there warrant for confession? To the Word of God for doctrine! I will not apologise—nay, I will glory in making the Word the supreme court of appeal. Therefore, I challenge critics to prove any scriptural reason against confession. In every Revival (in Scripture narrative or the history of the Church) God's people were compelled to confess before receiving blessing. Away back in the Levitical law, specific confession was urged—"He shall confess that he has sinned in that thing" (Lev. 5: 5). Joshua told Achan: "Make confession unto Him: but tell me what thou hast done; hide it not from me" (Josh. 7: 19). Until the hindrance to blessing was openly confessed, defeat was inevitable: so it is with the Church.

But some say: Why *open* confession for Christians? Is it not sufficient to get down on your knees to admit your error *in secret*? To which I reply, No. Almost every young man who admitted secret sin told me that he had confessed in secret and sinned again until he was ashamed. There has to be *forsaking* as well as confessing sin. Prov. 28. 13 states that "he that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy." When a man says at a prayer meeting, "I am guilty of criticism of my brethren in the church"—he does not readily fall into the same sin again. It is a sin forsaken as well as confessed.

Turning to the Acts of the Apostles: we find that in the Revival

at Ephesus: "Many also of those that believed came confessing without reserve their practices" (Weymouth, Acts 19: 18). One other verse among many is James 5: 16: "Confess your faults (sins) one to another, and pray for one another that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

There is really nothing unusual about confession during Revival. Finney—a great apostle of Revival—urged it and described it. In the North China revivals under Jonathan Goforth, confession was almost invariably the prelude to blessing. In *Calling to Remembrance* (a book sent me by Mrs. Henry Woods of Atlantic City, whose work I gladly commend to the prayers of every reader) William Newton Blair, the author of a book describing the great Korean revival, declares: "*We may have our theories of the desirability or undesirability of public confession of sin. I have had mine, but I know that when the Spirit of God falls upon guilty souls, there will be confession, and no power on earth can stop it.*"

Finney, whose practical experience and sound reasoning make him an authority, humanly unrivalled, on the subject of Revival, stated regarding the conditions of Revival: "A Revival of Religion may be expected when Christians begin to confess their sins to one another. At other times they confess in a general manner, as if they are only half in earnest. But when there comes an ingenuous breaking down, and a pouring out of the heart in confession of sin, the flood gates will soon burst open, and salvation will flow over the place."

The author suggests that this opinion of the man whose preaching at Rochester, New York State, in 1830 resulted in over 100,000 people joining the churches as believers, is surely of value.

In the Revival meetings in which I have been privileged to witness the mighty power of God falling upon saints and sinners, there have been instances of public reconciliation of man and wife. Call it embarrassing if you like—but who will condemn a separated man and wife for embracing when the love of God has melted them? I have seen a church deacon confess criticism of his minister—embarrassing?—yes but constrained by the Holy Ghost. I have known of letters of apology being written—unusual? Surely. But who has the right to forbid such open confession. It is very dangerous to begin criticizing the work of the Spirit.

Regarding the comment from my New Zealand friend, the first paragraph shows clearly that the comment is made in friendly spirit. But the writer of it states that he heard embarrassing confessions in my meetings. I have a good memory, and I must point out that he attended only two such meetings. In neither case were there any detailed confession such as my friend implies. One word sometimes—or one sentence: but no embarrassing details save that several men apologised publicly to one another—

if that could be called embarrassing. I will be delighted to hear from anyone how this open confession of hindrance transgresses any scriptural command. Until then, I expect to go on dealing with people in the same way. I am not surprised at people having different points of view. In such cases, as in this case, difference of opinion does not make me love my friends any the less. But if they publish their criticism, I must reply in the same friendly vein.

To all my Australian friends I say *farewell*, wishing you God's richest blessing. God grant that you and I may remain faithful in our prayer bond, praying for continued Revival among Christians and conversions among those who know not Christ whom to know is life eternal.

ALL YOUR NEED

I HAVE little sympathy with the type of Christian who declares that a Revival is impossible before the Lord comes. Not only has he no scriptural warrant for such a statement, but he is making a poor excuse for his own lack of spiritual progress. As a matter of fact, I will say that the man who is not praying for Revival is not right with God.

It is quite true that the Scriptures predict apostasy in the last days. It is quite true that many shall fall away. It is quite true that there will be little faith left on the earth when the Lord comes. But what has that to do with the believer himself, or his relationship with his Master? If Revival is possible in one heart to-day, it is possible in every heart belonging to God. Revival comes from God the Holy Ghost. He is still able and willing to give refreshing so that the name of Christ might be magnified. The study of the past convinces me that every period of apostasy has been paralleled by a period of intense witness. The purpose of Revival to-day is to prepare Christians for the witness which must be given to this dying world.

The Lord is coming soon, and my heartfelt prayer is "Even so, come quickly, Lord Jesus!" But is the Church—the Body which will soon be united to the Head—ready for His Coming? Is our present diseased state a credit to us? Never. We ought to be ashamed to think that Christ may come and find us so bankrupt of spiritual life. The truest preparation for the coming of Christ is a quickening in the Body of Christ. The believer who is not earnestly praying for such a Revival ought to, and will be, ashamed of himself.

"But where in Scripture do you find any prediction of Revival before the Lord's Coming?" they say. There are many. But I will quote one passage again. "Be patient, therefore, brethren, unto the Coming of the Lord. Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth,

and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and the latter rain."

Most students are agreed that the husbandman typifies Christ, that the precious fruit of the earth is the harvest of souls, and that the early rain is Pentecost. But when one suggests that the latter rain will be a Revival before the Lord's Coming, objections are heard—"It refers to the Jews."

This latter cry is heard too often nowadays. It reminds me of the policeman in Sydney who found a dead horse in Castlereagh-street. As he could not spell Castlereagh he pulled the carcase into King-street, and put King-street in his report! Quite a number of people, finding in a verse an obstacle to their pet theories, immediately cry, "It refers to the Jews." And so we find that a number of people declare that the latter rain will be upon the Jews after the Church is taken away. It baffles me to think that they inconsistently declare that the Church and the Holy Spirit will be taken away, and yet a Revival will go on.

There has never been a Revival apart from the Holy Spirit: neither has there been a Revival apart from the Church. For example, assuming that there is no Church in Nepal, is it not taken for granted that Revival is impossible there? Without believers there can be no Revival. Revival concerns believers only. How then will "the latter rain" be a Revival among the Jews? No, the early rain of Pentecost was outpoured upon the Church: and the latter rain will likewise be upon the Church. We may expect a sudden great awakening, a period of intense witness, followed by the ingathering of souls to complete the Body of Christ—and then the Blessed Hope.

One finds that the pessimists fulfil their own ideas in themselves. As soon as a man starts talking about the impossibility of Revival, his own work is beginning to shrivel up. The man who believes in Revival is the man who sees results.

"But," says someone, "why is it that God does not hear our prayers for Revival?" Because of your inconsistency, I must reply. The majority of my readers have sung for years the hymn

"Showers of blessing,
Showers of blessing we need,
Mercy drops round us are falling,
But for the showers we plead."

Is the Almighty (I ask it reverently) deaf to His pleading people? Or are God's people stone deaf to a pleading God? Which?—I know which. Hypocrisy and humbug make the so-called prayers for Revival so much hot-air. I have heard people change the words of another hymn thus

"Let it come, O Lord, we pray Thee:
Let the showers of blessing fall;
We are waiting *and expecting*:
Oh, revive the hearts of all."

And when one makes a few inquiries, one finds that the singers are neither waiting nor expecting. Oh, the inconsistency! By implication, either their God is deaf or else they are not right with Him. Why do they not put things right first?

"Nevertheless, they did flatter Him with their mouths, and they lied unto Him with their tongues. For their heart was not right with Him, neither were they steadfast in His covenant" (Psalm 78: 36-37).

Stop and think a moment. The lack of Revival in *your* district, in *your* church, in *your own life* is due not to God's failure, but to yours. Dare you tell me that God denies Revival to a heart willing to pay the price?

"Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save, neither His ear heavy that it cannot hear: but your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have made Him hide His face from you that He will not hear." Let us do some genuine heart searching. Sin is the only hindrance to Revival.

That Psalm already quoted opens our eyes to the truth. Psalm 78 tells of the record of God, and of the record of His people. In verses 12, 13, 14, 15, 21, 25, 38, 39—to point out a few—we read of God's wonders, His miracles, His guidance, His providence, His rebukes, His goodness, His mercy, and His patience. Have not we experienced them all? And are not our failures the failures recorded in this Psalm? Verse 10 shows us our disobedience; 11—our forgetfulness; 17—our sin and provocation; 18—how we tempt God; 19—our grumbling against Him; 22—our gross unbelief; 30—our sinful lust; 32—our impenitence; it describes us. Verse 34 speaks of a partial revival, but denounces our insincerity.

It is our unbelief that limits the Holy One of Israel.

Are not God's promises sufficient?

"Prove me now, saith the Lord, if I will not open you the floodgates of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."—Is not this sufficient?

Do you need Revival? Does your Church need Revival? Does your community need Revival? Then remember, "But my God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus" (Phil. 4: 19).

Rev. T. Gear Willett, my beloved friend in the China Inland Mission, has declared a thought-provoking truth in these words: "The Revival that we pray for must be as deep and as abiding as the eternal Word of God. It must be based upon the promises of God." Do you agree?

If you do, search your heart and see what is keeping God from blessing you. If you do not have Revival in your heart before very long, it is your own fault.

CLEANSE ME

Maori Melody arranged by JACK WRIGHT.

Words by EDWIN ORR.



Search me, O God; And know my heart to -

- day; Try me, O Lord, And know my

Solo.....

thoughts I pray: See if there be Some

wick - ed way in me: Cleanse me from

Solo

ev - 'ry sin And set me free.

CLEANSE ME

Dedicated by permission to Dr. and Mrs. Henry M. Woods, Atlantic City, N.J., whose efforts in promoting expectancy of revival, have been so richly owned of God.

Search me, O God;
And know my heart to-day;
Try me, O Lord,
And know my thoughts, I pray:
See if there be
Some wicked way in me:
Cleanse me from every sin
And set me free.

I praise Thee, Lord,
For cleansing me from sin:
Fulfil Thy word,
And make me pure within;
Fill me with fire
Where once I burned with shame:
Grant my desire
To magnify Thy name.

Lord, take my life,
And make it wholly Thine:
Fill my poor heart
With Thy great love Divine:
Take all my will,
My passion, self and pride:
I now surrender:
Lord, in me abide.

O Holy Ghost,
Revival comes from Thee:
Send a revival—
Start the work in me:
Thy word declares
Thou wilt supply our need:
For blessing now, O Lord,
I humbly plead.